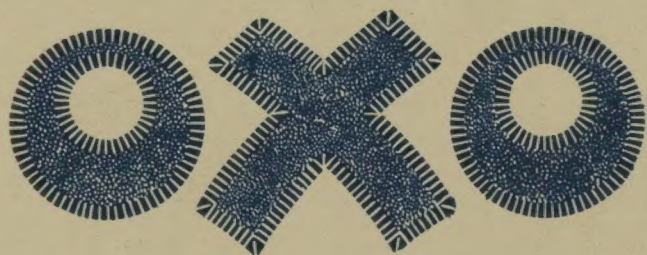


THE BURIAL OF LORD HAIG: FUNERAL NUMBER.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1928.

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LORD HAIG LYING IN STATE IN HIS NATIVE CITY: THE COFFIN IN ST. GILES'S CATHEDRAL, EDINBURGH.

After the funeral service in Westminster Abbey on Friday, February 3, the body of Lord Haig was conveyed by train to Edinburgh, the city of his birth. It arrived shortly after midnight, and was borne in procession on a gun-carriage to St. Giles's Cathedral. In the cathedral the coffin, draped in the Union Jack, was placed on a catafalque, and on the top were laid his Field-Marshal's plumed hat and bâton. Wreaths brought from Westminster were deposited around.

Throughout the following day a ceaseless pilgrimage of mourners filed past the coffin, and once an hour the guard was changed. Above is seen a guard of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. On Sunday (February 5) the coffin was removed to the Thistle Chapel, for a service there, and was then taken back to the cathedral, where the lying-in-state continued on the Monday. At noon next day (February 7) it left Edinburgh for the actual burial at Dryburgh Abbey.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A CORRESPONDENT kindly wrote to me, a little while ago, to point out a mistake which I most certainly made, and which I ought myself to have corrected. By one of those momentary confusions of one name with another, I referred to a naval fight, in the brief naval war between England and America about the beginning of the last century, as the affair of the *Chesapeake*. Of course, the affair of the *Chesapeake* was a British victory, and the engagement I had in mind was another, which was an American victory, and is therefore, strange to say, perhaps better known in America than in England. The necessity of this note of correction, however, has turned my thoughts to this national bias in history, especially as between those two nations. Curiously enough, it is not always the worst temptation of a nation to conceal its defeats. It is sometimes even more tempted to conceal its victories. But this generally happens in certain unlucky cases, where victories are rather more humiliating than defeats. In that one case of Anglo-American history, for instance, the paradox is very apparent. All Englishmen have heard that the English army surrendered at Saratoga. Many Englishmen have not heard that the English army once captured Washington. The truth is, I regret to say, that the army behaved very badly in Washington, and very much better at Saratoga. I do not imagine that even the Germans boast very much about their heroic capture of Louvain. But it is perhaps a pity that these misfortunes are suppressed on both sides; and we should probably have understood America better if we had known of that legitimate American grievance in the second war, as we do of the much more disputable American grievances in the first war. The wanton laying waste of the American capital confirmed, in American minds, the original legend of our tyranny, when it might have gradually died out if nothing had been done to renew and ratify it. And, as the English are certainly a much more peaceable people than the Americans, it is very unfortunate that the last glimpse of us that we gave to them was not only the red gleam of militarism, but of military violence rather than military discipline. It must always be a question of how far a patriotic man should risk misunderstanding in such matters; but, for my part, I believe in facing such facts even when actually talking to such foreigners. I believe it for three reasons: first, because I think that the honour of England is old enough and big enough to look after itself; second, because I am convinced that no crimes, let alone confessions of crimes, arouse so much hatred as the spiritual insolence that refuses to confess anything; and third (a fact of some importance which is often forgotten), because the foreigners generally know the facts already.

A real understanding, between these or any other two nationalities, is a much deeper and more delicate problem. All sane societies, like all sane men, seek a central point of balance or equilibrium. But they generally begin to approach it from opposite ends, and each seems to the other tail-foremost. One seems to be painting a black thing white, and the other to be painting a white thing black; but these contrary things produce the same thing—the ordinary chessboard pattern of human life. Where men differ is in the first emphasis that is modified later. There have been several cases of late. As an example of the same elements of evil and good, presented in the reverse order, I might take the example of popular stories about the police. I am proud to say that I have by this time read more vulgar and sensational detective stories, both American and English, than would fill the shelves of that complete gentleman's library which should only be stocked with the classics.

A taste for trash is of great value to the serious sociologist. By reading intellectual fiction we only find out what the intellectuals are saying, and saying somewhat self-consciously. By reading shockers and police novels we find out what the mass of the people are saying—or, what is much more important, what they are not saying. We find out what they assume unconsciously, and therefore do not think it worth while to say. And it is very interesting to note how the police romances of England and America reflect the two national attitudes towards the police.

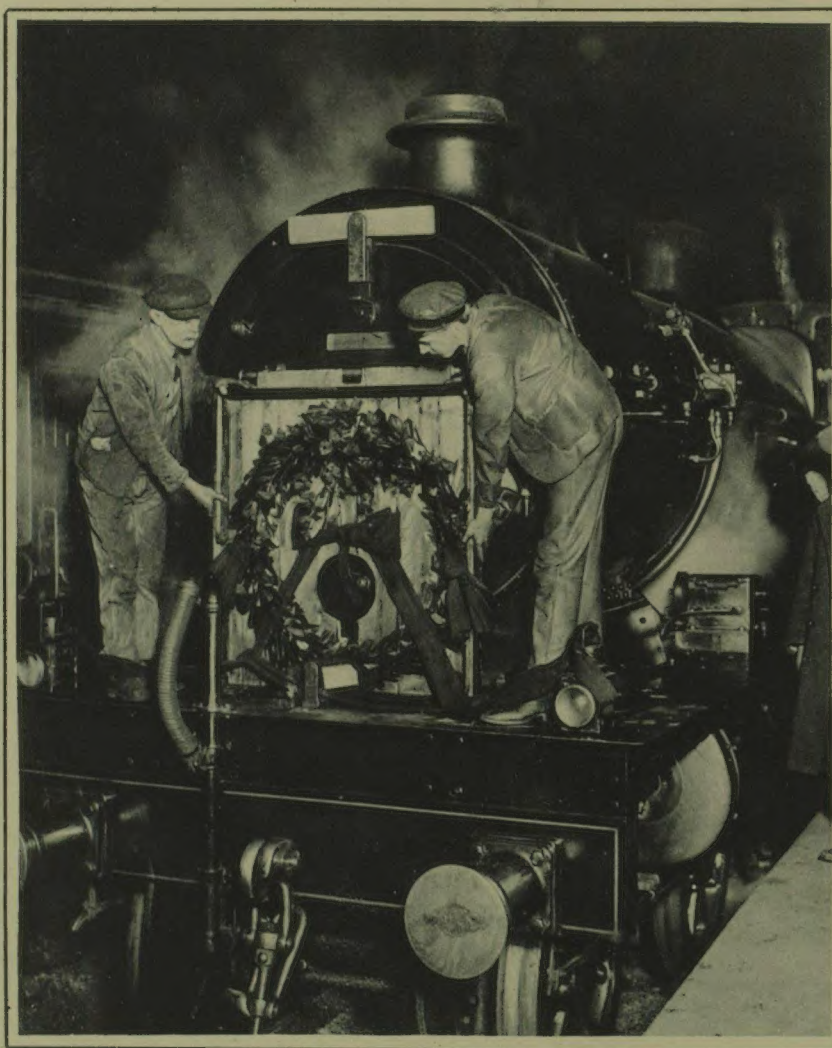
Now the police are not really very different, especially in the cities where a varying but large proportion of them are Irish adventurers, like the Continental mercenaries of the eighteenth century. They are about

of a flaming dragon with three heads walking down Fifth Avenue. That is how it affects the Englishman; but the Englishman also has his fairy-tale. His fairy-tale is that the policeman is a fairy prince, a sort of knight-errant, clad in silver armour and caring only for chivalry and the protection of the weak: a Galahad whose chief function is helping blind men and old ladies across the road. This would seem like the difference between darkness and light, an exaggerated darkness and an exaggerated light. But in truth both pictures are made of light and darkness like any other. We see it in the sequel of the story. When the Englishman does discover the deadly and appalling truth that a policeman has been known to pocket half-a-crown, and that he is found misrepresenting things in the interests of his department, a terrible shock goes through the English psychology. It feels as if a priest or a patriotic soldier were touched with dishonour. There is a quite special and spontaneous sort of fuss, and editors take up the matter with an awful austerity, like men rising to a terrible challenge, like the Puritans sitting in judgment on an English King. The Press is shocked at corruption in the Police—as if there were no corruption in the Press.

On the other hand, the American journalist or romancer, having started by describing the public official as if he were an ordinary brigand, then proceeds to do with him what such writers do with an ordinary brigand—to discover that he is also a human being. The American police story, which begins with this shameless cynicism about the methods of the police, often ends with something near to sentimentalism about the moral qualities of the policeman. It dwells on his tender affection for an old comrade; the reader of excessive sensibility will be lucky if he gets off without a moving episode of a little child, or the unexpected reclamation of a ragged and aged tramp. There will be affectionate references to the Irishman's mother and mother-country; and, what is yet more interesting, not a few sympathetic references to the Irishman's religion. In short, the writer will in every way insist, as is no doubt the case, that this rough blend of watchman and bravo has his virtues like his neighbours, and may even be an object of affection to the writer and the reader. Now there we have two totally different approaches to the problem from two national standpoints; but, if we analyse the whole thing, we shall not find that there is really much difference in essential morals or emotional sympathy. If the Englishman says the American is a brazen brute who does not care whether innocent men are framed and electrocuted or not, he will be wrong. If the American says the Englishman is a heartless hypocrite who does not care what the police

do to the poor so long as they are polite to the rich, he will be wrong. Human substance is mixed more subtly, but it is all mixed of the same two elements.

That is the paradox which nations have to face in the effort to understand each other. It is the fact that the familiar thing is the far-off thing, and even the hidden thing, and it is the thing nearest that seems the most abnormal. The foreigner is not so much a man who ultimately gives a different answer as a man who begins by asking a different question. He seems to us to be opening every box or package at the wrong end; to be entering every house by the back-door; and yet, as it faces his street, it is the front-door. It is not for nothing that nations are known largely by their salutations, and that the principal proverb about the American enshrines the fact that he is pleased to meet you. Let us hope that the international interview may not be so conducted that he is even more pleased to part with you. But the task is more delicate than internationalists seem to know.



THE PASSING OF LORD HAIG: THE ENGINE DRAWING THE FUNERAL TRAIN INTO EDINBURGH BEARING A WREATH OF FLANDERS POPPIES AND LAURELS.

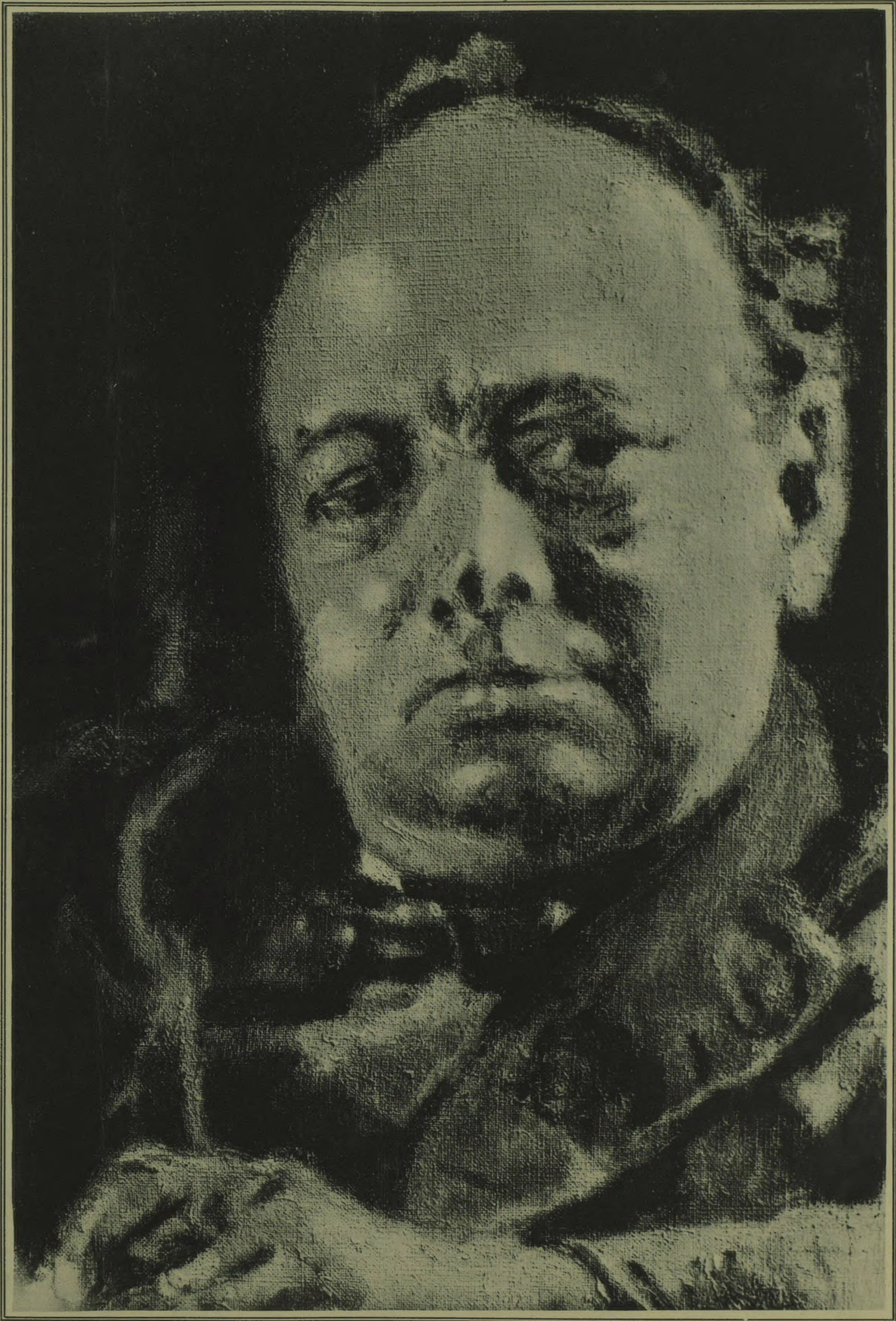
The coffin was entrained at Waterloo, on the strains of Chopin's Funeral March. Our photograph was taken at Edinburgh. The wreath on the engine was sent by the L.M.S. Railway's Willesden Locomotive Sheds' Staff, and was transferred from engine to engine during the journey.

the same mixed type that might be expected, not without humour, largely without culture, and loyal—rather too loyal—to each other. But the ways in which the English and the American temperaments take the qualities and defects of these officials are entertainingly diverse and even directly opposite. The American popular version begins with what seems to the conventional Englishman the most savage cynicism and brutality; with policemen furiously browbeating and even brazenly lying; with ruthless descriptions of the Third Degree like descriptions of the Spanish Inquisition; even with officers of the law quite openly planning crimes against those they cannot hold as criminals, and shouting, "I'll frame you for this!" or "I'll railroad you to the chair."

I allow for the exaggeration of fiction; but the point is that the American reader does not apparently react against this as inconceivable falsehood. He accepts it as part of the machinery of a modern story, as he accepts the chain of trolley-cars across New York, not as he would accept the sudden introduction

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“THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL, CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER”: A PORTRAIT BY WALTER SICKERT, A.R.A.

Mr. Walter Sickert's superb portrait of Mr. Churchill, one of the gems of his new exhibition at the Savile Gallery, is of special interest in view of the forthcoming Budget, which the Chancellor is due to introduce in April. In his recent speech at Birmingham, Mr. Churchill said: "Obviously there can be no General Election in 1928. The Franchise Bill must be

passed into law, and the new voters must take their place on the Register. . . . Some people are beginning to talk about a reduction of 6d. in the income-tax. . . . If I had the money, it is not to the reduction of the standard rate of income-tax that I should first apply it. . . . The local rates are a worse burden than the Imperial taxes."

THE PAST IN PERSIA.

III.—THE HELLENISTIC AND THE SASSANIAN PERIOD: FROM 330 B.C. TO 630 A.D.

By PROFESSOR ERNST HERZFELD, the well-known German Archaeologist.

This is the third of a series of four articles written for us by Professor Herzfeld, on his discoveries in Persia. The first article, on the prehistoric period, was given in our issue of Nov. 19 last, and the second, on the Achæmenian period, in that of Dec. 24. The fourth article will follow later.

THE millennium from the conquest of Iran by Alexander the Great until the conquest by the Muhammedan Arabs may be called the Iranian Middle Ages. The Ancient East was dead; Greek

the Princess's Castle, in the gorge of Firuzabad in Fars (Fig. 3). This castle crowns the summit of a lofty mountain, 6000 ft. above sea-level. It consists of three terraces: the first one, much ruined, a natural plateau with vertical precipices, surrounded by ruined rooms and walls; the second one a small square courtyard between vaulted chambers; the third one a colossal round tower, with a cupola over a square room in the centre, to which is joined a wide hall, barrel-vaulted, measuring about 45 ft. in span. This castle, constructed by Ardashir I. (about 225 A.D.), is the most fantastic ruin one can imagine, a prototype of the Castle of the Holy Grail. And, to make the likeness complete, there is in front of the huge hall, overlooking the entire land below from the summit of the mountain, high above the spring clouds, a throne, the throne of Amfortas!

It is impossible to give here more than a faint idea of the richness of the Sassanian sculptures; a few typical examples must be enough. With two exceptions, they are all in the province of Fars, and all of them belong to the short space of time between 225 and 300 A.D. Fig. 4 (on the opposite page) shows a rock-sculpture close to the castle in the gorge below: it represents the victory of Ardashir I. over Ardavan V., the last Arsacid ruler, in 224 A.D. Three pairs of horsemen embody the triumph. The first pair is the king himself killing Ardavan; the second pair his son Shapur killing the vizier of Ardavan; and the third one an attendant of Ardashir with an unknown Parthian. In spite of its lower part being much defaced, this sculpture is the most original of all the Sassanian sculptures, and the one offering the highest historical interest.

Fig. 5 shows the best representation of a theme several times repeated at various places, the triumph of Shapur I. over the Roman Emperor Valerian, about 260 A.D. The strong influence of Roman art in this sculpture, appears in every detail, full of similarities to the triumph columns and gates of Rome. Sassanian sculpture reached its apogee in the bas-relief of Varhran I., 273-76 A.D., at Shapur in Fars (Fig. 6): the king is represented on horseback receiving a crown or circlet, the symbol of royalty, from the hand of the god Hormizd, the horseman to the left. The

Arabia, and are clad in the typical Arab dress, still worn to the present day. This fine sculpture has been defaced by the cutting of a water conduit, brought from far away, and mainly cut out of the living rock, a remarkable work of Sassanian engineering. It is difficult to believe that at that period anybody could have been allowed to mutilate the royal effigies in such a way, except one of the kings themselves. The canal cuts also through the sculpture of Varhran I., which had an inscription in his name, but the name has been erased and replaced, falsely, by that of his younger brother, Narseh, 293-302 A.D. Hence it seems that the mutilation of the sculptures of his two predecessors was the work of the same Narseh. Fig. 2 (on this page) shows the head of Varhran II., a fine



FIG. 1. THE OLDEST RELIC OF GREEK ART IN IRAN: TWO COLUMNS, WITH LATE IONIC CAPITALS, OF A TEMPLE APPARENTLY DEDICATED TO BACCHUS (THIRD OR SECOND CENTURY B.C.) AT KHURHA, IN MAHALLAT.

civilisation and art had been substituted for the older forms, a process exactly analogous to the modern Europeanisation of Asia. The history of those thousand years after Alexander's conquest shows what became of it. It was a process—at first slow, then quicker, and ever more complete—of the elimination of foreign elements from the Asiatic mind.

Fate has not favoured the works of Alexander. In Iran, as in the West, not a single one of the many towns he founded and named still boasts of any of the sumptuous buildings he erected. To find remains of Greek art in the East, we must descend into younger centuries. In Iran the oldest one is a temple, situated at Khurha in Mahallat, in a valley full of vineyards. Two columns of the enclosing portico still arise from wide-stretching mounds, well worth excavating (Fig. 1 on this page). The columns have late Ionic capitals and plain shafts. The temple seems to have been dedicated to Bacchus, and its date must be the third or second century B.C. Not so very far away is Kangawar, where there are the remains of a much larger temple, dedicated to Anabit, and mentioned as existing by a Greek writer of the first century A.D.

Far away in the south, on the island of Kharg in the Persian Gulf, inhabited only by a few pearl-fishers, are about sixty catacombs, cut into the low edge of a coral rock. The richest tombs show a mixture between Palmyrenean and early Sassanian styles of architecture. The most unexpected discovery was to find, on a number of them, Nestorian crosses, and even traces of Syriac inscriptions, proving the tombs to be Christian, and to belong to the third century A.D.

Descending to the Sassanian period (225-630 A.D.), remains of buildings, sculptures, and inscriptions become plentiful. One of the oldest, and by far the most interesting of all the Sassanian ruins, is Kale i Dukhtar,



FIG. 3. "A PROTOTYPE OF THE CASTLE OF THE HOLY GRAIL": BUILDINGS OF THE KALE I DUKHTAR (PRINCESS'S CASTLE) CROWNING A MOUNTAIN NEAR FIRUZABAD—A WONDERFUL SASSANIAN STRONGHOLD BUILT BY ARDASHIR I. ABOUT 225 A.D.

king's son, Varhran II., is represented on the sculpture in Fig. 7, receiving the submission of an Arab tribe; they bring camels and horses from



FIG. 2. A FINE EXAMPLE OF SASSANIAN SCULPTURE (225 TO 300 A.D.): THE HEAD OF VARHRAN II., FROM THE RELIEF (FIG. 7 ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE), SHOWING THE KING RECEIVING THE SUBMISSION OF ARABS.

piece of art, although a closer study reveals already the first traces of decline.

Exactly like Achæmenian art, Sassanian art knew but one subject, the glorification of the king of kings, his investiture by the gods, his triumphs over adversaries, or, in the old Assyrian spirit, the king hunting. This latter subject had been known only from silver dishes. The great rock sculpture (Fig. 8) discovered at Sar Mashhad, is the oldest, first, and only example of it in Sassanian sculpture. Varhran II. is shown defending himself, and the queen and prince behind him, against the onslaught of a pair of lions. A large inscription in Pahlavi stands above the sculpture.

All the Sassanian sculptures belong to the third century, with the exception of one monument, the Tak i Bustan, near Kirman-shah, a work created between 600 and 630 A.D. The Tak i Bustan, one of the most attractive monuments of Persia, is well known. Fig. 9 is a detail from it, only meant as an example of the hundred photographs taken, and to show the difference in style. The style of the earlier works is sculptural; that of the last-named monument is pictorial. Painting has been the art that connected the early examples with this last one.

Up to the present, no Sassanian paintings have been discovered, but they exist, safely buried, and patiently awaiting the spade of a future explorer.

ART IN THE PERSIAN "MIDDLE AGES": WONDERFUL SASSANIAN SCULPTURES.



FIG. 4. "THE MOST ORIGINAL OF ALL THE SASSANIAN SCULPTURES": A ROCK RELIEF SHOWING ARDASHIR I. SLAYING ARDASHIR V., THE LAST OF THE ARSACIDS, IN 224 A.D.



FIG. 6. THE "APOGEE" OF SASSANIAN SCULPTURE: A MAJESTIC EQUESTRIAN BAS-RELIEF AT SHAPUR, SHOWING VARHRAN I., 273-6 A.D. (ON RIGHT) RECEIVING THE SYMBOL OF ROYALTY FROM THE GOD HORMIZD.



FIG. 8. A ROYAL ENCOUNTER WITH "BIG-GAME" IN SASSANIAN SCULPTURE: VARHRAN II. (WITH THE QUEEN AND PRINCE BEHIND HIM) SLAYING LIONS—A ROCK-SCULPTURE FOUND AT SAR MASHHAD.

The great beauty and historical interest of Persian sculpture of the Sassanian period is finely exemplified in the above photographs, which illustrate Professor Herzfeld's article on the opposite page, and are numbered to correspond to his references to the particular subjects. His article deals with the Hellenistic as well as the Sassanian period in Persia, and, as he says, this millennium (330 B.C. to 630 A.D.) "from the conquest of Iran by Alexander the Great until the conquest by the Muhammedan Arabs, may be called the Iranian Middle Ages." During the earlier centuries of this era the Greek influence on Persian art gradually waned, and was ultimately eliminated. The Sassanian period itself lasted from 225 to 630 A.D. In its earlier stages it came under the influence of Roman art, as in the sculpture shown above in Fig. 5, representing the triumph of Shapur over the Roman Emperor Valerian about the year 260 A.D. "This sculpture," says Professor Herzfeld, "is full of similarities to the triumphal



FIG. 5. SHOWING THE STRONG INFLUENCE OF ROMAN ART IN EVERY DETAIL: A REMARKABLE RELIEF SCULPTURE REPRESENTING THE TRIUMPH OF SHAPUR I. OVER THE ROMAN EMPEROR VALERIAN, ABOUT 260 A.D.



FIG. 7. VARHRAN II. (ON LEFT) RECEIVING THE SUBMISSION OF AN ARAB TRIBE: A FINE WORK DEFACED BY A WATER-CONDUIT, CUT PROBABLY BY HIS BROTHER AND SUCCESSOR, NARSEH (293-302 A.D.).



FIG. 9. A HIGHLY REALISTIC AND DECORATIVE GROUP OF WILD BOARS: DETAIL FROM A FAMOUS SEVENTH-CENTURY RELIEF, THE TAK I BUSTAN (600-630 A.D.) SHOWING THE INFLUENCE OF PICTORIAL ART ON LATER SASSANIAN SCULPTURE

columns and gates of Rome." In the centre is the figure of the conqueror on horseback, and the two lower tiers of reliefs on the left show lines of cavalry. Among the figures to the right of the king may be seen various animals, including an elephant, at the extreme right in the second tier from the bottom. As Professor Herzfeld points out, all the Sassanian sculptures here illustrated belong to the third century, except that shown in Fig. 9—a section of the famous monument known as the Tak i Bustan, dating from the seventh century, between 600 and 630 A.D.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SOME people think that books and papers and reviews, and the whole cumbersome and complicated system of symbolism known as writing, are doomed to disappear, superseded by quicker methods of communication—television, aurivision, talking-films, and all the rest of the modern miracles. At present I have not noticed any marked diminution of the printed word (I could bear a little reduction), and, as films and wireless have already brought into being new books and periodicals galore, I do not anticipate just yet being thrown out of work by mental labour-saving machinery, however else I may be thrown out!

The future of the literary profession is among the topics of conversation in "TALKS WITH THOMAS HARDY AT MAX GATE, 1920-1922." By Vere H. Collins (Duckworth; 6s.). Here we have an intimate glimpse of the grand old man of Wessex, dispensing courteous hospitality, chatting with zest and dry humour about books and writers, especially the younger men, elucidating points in his own works and modestly waving aside any expressions of homage. Mr. Collins has cast the record of his six visits into the form of dialogues, with "stage directions" as in one-act plays—a method that lends a refreshing actuality to the talk, and suggests the possibility of a new type of dramatic readings. This delightful little book gives us a perfect cameo of Hardy's personality.

On one occasion, discussing a film production of "Tess," which he saw rehearsed in America, Hardy remarks: "My experience of seeing film plays has been unfortunate. There always seem to be motor-cars rushing over cliffs and people jumping out of windows. What effect do you think the cinematograph will have on the sale of books?" Later occurs this bit of dialogue—

H. (HARDY): I seldom read novels now, but I understand that they no longer have plots.

C. (COLLINS): Many of them certainly consist of a great deal of psychology based on very little incident.

H.: Perhaps the cinematograph will take the place of fiction, and novels will die out, leaving only poetry.

Not only the future of the novel, but the future of human life altogether, in the light of expected discoveries, is adumbrated in a book that everyone should read—"THE DAY AFTER TO-MORROW": What is Going to Happen to the World. By Philip Gibbs (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). "When television comes," he writes, "reading may become only the hobby of old-fashioned folk and great students. Perhaps it may destroy all of us writing men—novelists and newspaper writers. . . . Perhaps these new inventions may destroy the inherited culture of the ages." I hardly think so. At present, anyhow, popular interest in the past and the wonders of archaeology is greater than ever before.

Aviation, wireless control, atomic energy, rejuvenation, and synthetic food are among the other scientific matters considered in the book, while the political subjects include the menace of war and "the rising tide of colour." No one knows better than Sir Philip Gibbs what the last war was like, and his warnings about another are worth attention. The scientists, he says, are afraid of the Demogorgons they are creating; they hardly dare to entrust man with the tremendous powers they have acquired, since his moral nature has not kept pace with his mechanical genius. "Civilisation is, as Wells says, 'a race between education and catastrophe.'"

Will the new "miracles" of science make us any better or happier? Discussing the possibility of listening-in to the past, Sir Philip mentions a suggestion that some day we may be able to hear the Sermon on the Mount. "Should we," he asks, "after our first emotion, pay any more attention to its precepts? . . . It raises the whole question of what men and women are going to do with these new powers. It is the weak link in all this chain of material development." But Sir Philip ends on a note of optimism. "Despite the many dangers ahead, and an inextricable tangle of races and rivalries, there is a good chance that the middle-class mind of the common man, so much despised by high brows and low brows, will save European civilisation and things worth while by a sanity, good temper, and spirit of co-operation which in the younger generation are replacing old fetishes of national passion."

How far are such ideals compatible with national patriotism, and how can a great Empire best contribute to the world's welfare—by maintaining its dominion, or by voluntary disintegration? No uncertain answer to this question will be gathered from "STUDIES OF AN IMPERIALIST." By Lord Sydenham of Combe. With a Foreword by Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson. Illustrated (Chapman and Hall; 18s.). "For forty-five years," writes the author, "the Empire has been my inspiration, and to further its security and progress my one preoccupation." Referring to a former speech of his own on

the League of Nations, he says: "While there are, as I said, many tasks which the League can and does accomplish with benefit to the nations, it tends to become a danger to our Empire."

Lord Sydenham divides his work into three parts—War, India, and Socialism. At the moment, of course, in view of the Simon Commission, the predominant interest belongs to the second part, in which he denounces the disastrous results of the Montagu-Chelmsford reforms in India. Such criticism, from the distinguished ex-Governor of Bombay (best remembered, in that connection, as Sir George Clarke) comes with timely effect.

talk was of non-co-operation.

But when I went back in 1926 I discerned a great change. Co-operation then seemed to be the order of the day. . . . The British administrators know well, and the great majority of educated Indians know too, that for many a year British and Indians must work together for the good of India. . . . In young India, as in young Britain, there is splendid material."

Since the future belongs to youth, it is well to keep an eye on what our younger statesmen and politicians are doing. While Sir Arthur Yapp regards youth in the mass, as material for training, the personalities of some who have emerged into leadership are subjected to keen scrutiny, and sometimes ruthless satire, in "THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN." Some Candid Comments on the Rising Generation. By "Janitor." (Duckworth; 8s. 6d.). "These young men [we read, in reference to the story of Ananias and Sapphira] are always waiting at the door to carry out the corpses of the older generation." The identity of Janitor may provoke as much speculation as that of Junius. From the wit and sparkle of his style, and his omniscient allusiveness, I might have guessed him to be Mr. Philip Guedalla, did not that gentleman form the subject of one of his most incisive chapters. Can it, I wonder, be a blind? Whoever he be, Janitor has added to the gaiety of nations, and he evidently knows his "young men" as well as a college porter knows the undergraduates who pass his lodge.

Here, again, are some interesting comments on the Indian scene, including character-sketches of a successor to Lord Sydenham at Bombay (Lord Lloyd), of the present Viceroy (Lord Irwin), and some of his predecessors. On the last-named Janitor approaches enthusiasm. "In recent years," he concludes, "we have experimented with a Jew, a diplomat, and a Territorial officer; perhaps it is as well that we are now trying an ordinary English gentleman."

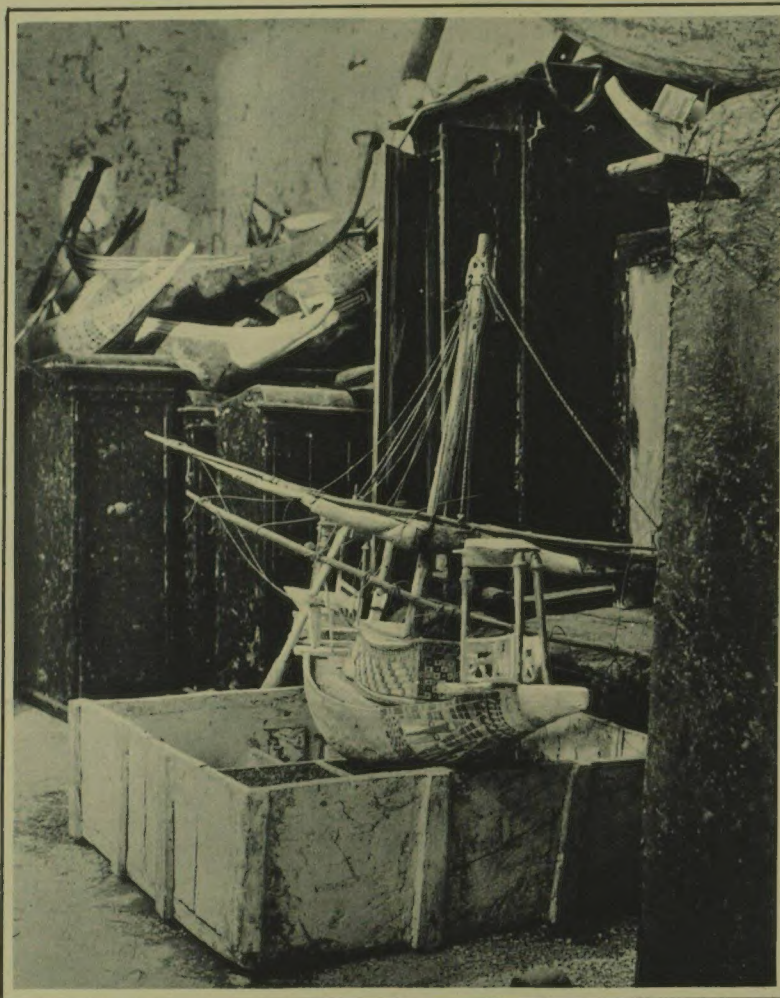
From "The Feet of the Young Men" are not excluded the daintier extremities of those to whom is accorded a chapter significantly entitled "The Monstrous Regiment." But Janitor discriminates. "The complaint (he says) lies really not against feminism but against its abuse; and not at all against some of the women in Parliament to-day. There is a clear-cut distinction between those women who are and those who are not keeping the rules." A far fiercer attack on the modern movement among women is to be found in "FEMINISM." A Sociological Study of the Woman Question from Ancient Times to the Present Day. By K. A. Wieth-Knudsen, Professor of Economics and Jurisprudence in the Norwegian Technical College, Trondhjem. Translated from the Danish by Arthur G. Chater (Constable; 12s.). This is a book that goes into physical and social aspects of the question with considerable frankness, and includes chapters on the primitive family, the evolution of marriage, and the position of women in classical antiquity and the Middle Ages.

Summing up at the end of his final chapter on Present-day Feminism, Professor Wieth-Knudsen writes: "If his [i.e., the white man's] intellect now at the eleventh hour does not recognise the true nature and extent of the danger, and oppose it in a sweeping reaction against all this farrago of Feminism, pernicious alike to Man, Woman, and Child, fatal to culture as no other 'movement,' a curse and a poison to all that has been built up in the sweat and blood of our race for the security of mankind's frail life upon earth—well, then the white man has seen his best days."

Strindberg himself could hardly go further. Woman must (and doubtless will) deal herself with this reactionary professor. She might retort, perhaps, that at some periods of European history, as in 1914-18, the masculine governance of affairs has produced more blood than security. Here I may recall that Sir Philip Gibbs foresees, in the war of the future, "if it happens," the ranks of the new armies filled by women as well as men. . . . It is not a pleasant prospect" (he says), "that idea of warfare with the beauty of women lying mangled among dead youth. It is so unpleasant that the mind of the world may revolt from it and adopt some scheme of outlawing war."

In this connection I may add that an important book bearing on the causes of the last war may be expected soon—namely, "FATEFUL YEARS." By the late M. Serge Sazonoff, who died a few weeks ago, just after he had finished the work. It is to be published in the spring by Messrs. Jonathan Cape. As Russian Foreign Minister in 1914, M. Sazonoff had "inside knowledge," and his reminiscences will complete the series of war-time apologies by leading statesmen.

C. E. B.



THE FUNERAL FLEET OF TUTANKHAMEN: A MODEL SHIP IN THE YOUNG KING'S TOMB—ONE OF THE CRAFT IN THE STORE CHAMBER, SYMBOLICAL OF TUTANKHAMEN'S FUNERAL PILGRIMAGE ACROSS THE WATERS TO THE HOLY MOUNTAIN OF THE WEST.

This photograph, which was published in our issue of January 22, 1927, as a full page, is reprinted here to draw attention to the fact that in the next issue of "The Illustrated London News" we shall give remarkable colour reproductions of several beautiful units of Tutankhamen's funeral fleet. The vessel in the foreground is one of the many kindred models found in the store-chamber, and, as will be seen, it is complete, with its rigging, furled sails, and cabins. Upon the black chests in the background are seen model solar barques of the Sun God.

Photograph by Mr. Harry Burton, of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York.
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THE FUNERAL FLEET OF TUTANKHAMEN: PICTURES IN FULL COLOURS.

In "The Illustrated London News" of next week we shall give some remarkable illustrations in full colours of beautiful ships of the funeral fleet of Tutankhamen. In the same number will be a peculiarly interesting article dealing with the ancient custom of providing model ships for the dead.

As he himself says: "Now that the governance of 320,000,000 souls is again to be overhauled, in conditions vastly more difficult than those of 1918, the views and experience of an old lover of the Indian peoples may not be wholly inopportune." Lord Sydenham's long and distinguished record as an organiser of Imperial defence, and as a thinker and writer on world problems, makes his collection of previously scattered essays (supplementing his eleven books) a volume of the first importance.

Sanguine hopes for the future of India, as well as of China, Japan, and other countries, are expressed in a book of tonic cheerfulness and robust Christian faith—"IN THE SERVICE OF YOUTH." By Sir Arthur Yapp. Illustrated (Nisbet; 8s. 6d.). The genial and energetic Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. describes its great work during the war, along with a breezy record of his own career and travels on its behalf. A very likable trait is his readiness to laugh at jokes on his own name. Of India he writes: "In 1920, at the time of my first visit, Mr. Gandhi's influence was at its height, and in Indian quarters all the

BUDDHA INCARNATED IN A BIRD: ROYAL OBSEQUIES OF A WHITE CROW.

"In all Buddhist countries," writes our correspondent with these remarkable photographs, "white elephants, crows, and other white animals are held particularly sacred, being regarded as incarnations of Buddha. In May 1913 a white crow was presented to Sir Sao Mawng, K.C.I.E., K.S.M., the Sawbwa of Yaungbwe State, in the Southern Shan States. The bird was given a small palace to live in, and had an attendant devoted entirely to his service. This keeper ranked as a Minister of State; that is, the Minister of the Royal White Crow. The crow was treated as a royalty, and his funeral, which took place last September after fourteen years of a royal and happy life, was very magnificent, certainly more so than that of many well-to-do men. At one time two black crows were given to his Excellency the White Crow for company, but the latter soon perceived that they were plebeian and pulled their feathers out. Presumably the black crows did not dare to retaliate on royalty. It is said that the crow began to mope and pine, and died of a broken heart, soon after the death of Sir Sao Mawng last year. It has a fine little tomb of its own at the foot of the Sawbwa-Gyi and its Maha-Devi in a pagoda compound near the old palace. The two photographs here reproduced are believed to be unique."



A SACRED BIRD LAID TO REST WITH ALL THE POMP OF EASTERN RITUAL: THE SPLENDID FUNERAL CAR OF A ROYAL WHITE CROW BORNE IN PROCESSION IN BURMA.



THE ROYAL WHITE CROW ATTENDED BY ITS OWN MINISTER OF STATE: A BIRD HELD SACRED IN BURMA, LIKE THE WHITE ELEPHANT AND OTHER ALBINO CREATURES, AND MAINTAINED IN LUXURY IN A SPECIAL "PALACE" FOR FOURTEEN YEARS.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

IS THE MUSIC-HALL DECLINING?—IBÁÑEZ AND THE DRAMA.

WHENEVER a combine of financiers acquires a block of music-halls to transform them into cinemas, the cry is: "The music-hall is declining for want of talent." On the surface it seems to be a fact—but only on the surface. The croakers forget the economic side of the question, which is simply this: the transaction has nothing whatever to do with the artistic side; it is purely a financial scoop. The cinema is developing with gigantic strides. It wants housing; hence long-headed financiers, realising that building is expensive and takes time—which is money!—make such tempting bids to the proprietors of established concerns

that they part with their properties—not because business is declining, but because the sum offered benefits them, and enables them to pay out to the shareholders at figures far above the original investment and the actual market value of the shares. It is not my intention to go into financial aspects, but I would simply make it plain that the change of hands, except perhaps in the case of little suburban houses, has nothing to do with the patronage of the music-hall, as such. If the Palladium goes, it is not because it was not prosperous as a variety show—indeed its pantomime has played to record receipts—but because the sum offered by the combine is such that it would be bad finance not to accept a purchase-price which dwarfs the original cost of the building and represents the prospective profits of several years. So much for that.

This cry of "The music-hall is going to the dogs for want of talent; where are the artists of yore, the comedians?"—and then a list of names of past glories—is as periodical and perennial as the lament over the declining theatre. The *laudator temporis acti*—hymning the triumphs of yester-years—is ever with us, and as memories create rosy lights, there is always a certain readiness on the part of the crowd to shout in echo—"Ah, yes! The days of Dan Leno, Marie Lloyd!" and so on, and so forth.

But is it justified? I, who in my leisure hours take my busman's holidays once or twice a week at the Halls, with my recollections of some forty years, am bold enough to say that, if the music-halls have diminished in quantity, they have certainly not deteriorated in quality. Indeed, it is a blessing of sorts that certain little halls which flourished five-and-twenty years ago in sordidness of milieu and unspeakable vulgarity of surroundings, to say nothing of drink, have disappeared. In exchange for these rookeries, we have, in the centre of London and in every suburb, stately houses where a well-behaved audience is comfortably seated and enjoys a performance which, in the main, appeals to all sorts and conditions of respectable people. True, we have, perhaps, fewer outstanding comedians—"lion comiques," as they used to call them (and that is not the fault of the managers, but of the professionals who prefer the legitimate stage to the music-hall), but the scope of variety has immensely increased, and so has the quality of the ballad-singers, whose performances of good music would have scarcely been tolerated even at the old Tivoli and the Pavilion. Acrobacy, juggling, conjuring, ventriloquism—I prefer to name genres in preference to personalities—have risen to "Wuthering heights"! We see such dances and such ballets as, in olden days, never went beyond Covent Garden or the Empire. The sketches—an innovation which is still in course of development—are often of a quality to vie with plays worthy of leading West-End theatres. I have lately seen three in succession at the Coliseum which, performed by leading actors and written by skilful craftsmen, were not the least feature of a splendid programme. Add to that the occasional appearance of time-honoured favourites,

from Sir Harry Lauder and George Robey to Harry Tate, George Mozart, and Bransby Williams—a few names recalling many others—the negro singers in vogue, the American bands, the constant stream of novel turns of many descriptions—and the regular music-hall frequenter will tell you that he has nothing to complain of; that it is only the outsider who joins in the plaint because he does not know what is going on. Nor will the objection that the same artists appear over and over again at the same places, and that it was otherwise in the old days, hold water. I recollect that, twenty years ago, a music-hall singer

goes to his plays times without number. No, I cannot as yet see that the music-hall is on the road to "passing." I rather share the belief of Sir Oswald Stoll's able lieutenant, Mr. A. Haddon, in its stability, for the programmes show no falling off, except in foreign competition—which, in a way, is in favour of stimulating native talent—and the dividends of the circuit are there to prove that the patronage remains.

Vicente Blasco Ibañez was of those fortunate mortals who remain idealists to the end, because he realised all his ambitions—save two. He tried

hard to raise a revolution in Spain, and became an outlaw, his goods sequestered, for his patriotism. And he never succeeded in becoming a dramatist. These two forlorn hopes saved him from being blasé and satiated. To the last, ever struggling to attain either of these goals, or both, he remained an agreeable optimist, a child in a big man's body, a dreamer when, after the day's work, he ambled through his lovely garden of Villa Fontana Rosa in Mentone; a lovable egotist, full of his doings and gaily proclaiming himself a superman with so guileless a smile that one forgot his boasting in his boyish *insouciance*. Once at a dinner he repeated time after time, in his quaint French, admixed with Spanish

when he was at a loss for a bit, "I am a genius. *Que voulez-vous?*—a genius!" and then he went on munching his *tortilla con patates* with a grin, indifferent to our smiles. He might have said that he was a true *bon enfant*, for his sudden rise to fortune had made him lavish beyond all description.

I was present when to a foreigner newly introduced he presented the rights to translate two of his most popular books, and when, a few minutes later, he said to a young English dramatist, "You want to adapt 'Enemies of Women' and 'Mare Nostrum'? Go ahead!" Not a word about terms—and he meant what he said. Only, he forgot for the moment that he had excellent agents in New York and in London who would very soon convince the happy applicant that he had dwelt in a castle in Spain, and that the terms were beyond the dreams of avarice.

I asked him why he, who knew how to leaven his books with episodes of intense dramatic force, did not try his hand at plays. His answer was: "I cannot be a slave to form. I cannot stop at histrionic economics"—as he put it. "What I have to say I must pour out in my own way. The dramatic form, the technique, is a handicap." And he pointed to a pile of foolscap. "See that? It is a complete novel. I dictated it in twenty-four hours, with six hours' sleep for a break. It is a dramatic story. Perhaps there is a good play in it, but I could not stop at chopping the dialogue up in bits—what he said and what she said. And what would become of my lovely descriptions of places and nature? What of all the science I have studied and put into the book?" (It was a story of gold-digging, I remember.) "How can I get that over in dialogue? No, my young friend, as I feel at present, I cannot write a play, though I dearly want to. Perhaps when I am older I will write the play for which all my friends ask me. Let the others adapt my books for the stage, as they do for the film"—with a smile. "They pay better. Read this!" And he gave me a letter in which a Hollywood concern asked whether he would take "a million francs down" for the film rights of "Mare Nostrum."

That ended the argument, and perhaps explained why Ibañez has been so rarely heard on the stage, and why, except for "Blood and Sand," the rich dramatic material of his many books—he wrote seventy novels!—is left to posthumous glory.



THE TRUANT HUSBAND'S LOST MEMORY RESTORED BY "A STRAIGHT RIGHT": (L. TO R.) LYDIA (MISS MARDA VANNE), ALISON LISTON (MISS MOLLY KERR), DR. BERGHERSH (MR. CHARLES CARSON), CARY LISTON (MR. OWEN NARES), MAC (MR. NIGEL BRUCE), CARY'S MOTHER-IN-LAW, MRS. DRURY (MISS SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER), TRIXIE (MISS OLWEN ROOSE), AND MULLINS (MR. FRANK HARVEY)—THE CLOSING SCENE IN "TWO WHITE ARMS" AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE.

appeared in six different London halls on one night. And, after all, these favourites are an everlasting attraction to the public, who want to see them again and again, just as the lover of Shakespeare



JEALOUSY IN A GARAGE, WHERE A BORED HUSBAND HAS FLED FROM TOO MUCH LOVE IN A DESIRABLE RESIDENCE: (L. TO R.) MAC (MR. NIGEL BRUCE), TRIXIE (MISS OLWEN ROOSE), AND "MR. LYLE," THE NEW ASSISTANT (MR. OWEN NARES), IN "TWO WHITE ARMS," AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Dr. Harold Dearden's very amusing farce, "Two White Arms," turns on the adventures of an ex-naval officer, Cary Liston, who has become bored with his wife Alison's excessive affection and coddling. Leaving home secretly, he gets a job in a garage, where he attracts the proprietor's daughter, Trixie Mullins, and makes Mac, the Scotch mechanic, furiously jealous. Discovered there by a former "flame," Lydia, who comes to buy a car, he feigns loss of memory, and keeps it up after she has made him drive her to his home. The climax comes when Mullins, Trixie, and Mac turn up, thinking he has been kidnapped, and, in a quarrel, Mac restores his memory by a straight right to the jaw. The final curtain leaves the coddling process being resumed by his wife and mother-in-law.

MACBETH IN KHAKI; LADY MACBETH SHORT-SKIRTED: AT THE COURT.



AFTER THE MURDER OF DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND: MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH WITH MALCOLM AND DONALBAIN, THE SLAIN MAN'S SONS.



ROSS BRINGS NEWS OF THE KILLING OF MACDUFF'S WIFE AND CHILDREN: ROSS, MACDUFF, AND MALCOLM IN ENGLAND.



THE SLEEP-WALKING SCENE: LADY MACBETH WATCHED BY THE DOCTOR AND NURSE.



"LAY ON MACDUFF": MACBETH IS KILLED IN THE FIGHT WITH MACDUFF.



AFTER THE MURDER OF DUNCAN, KING OF SCOTLAND: MACBETH WITH HIS DAGGERS.



IN THEIR STATE ROBES: MACBETH AND LADY MACBETH AFTER THEIR CORONATION.



IN DRESS PAYING SOME SLIGHT DEFERENCE TO TRADITION: THE THREE WITCHES OF "MACBETH."

The much-heralded production of "Macbeth" in modern dress, which took place at the Court Theatre on February 6, was received with mixed feelings, and it is to be feared that the presentation will not attract as much interest as did that of "Hamlet" in modern dress, which drew considerable audiences to the Kingsway. The "Times" summing up was: "We remained so conscious of anachronism that the play was not illuminated but overwhelmed." The most successful scenes were the sleep-walking and the bringing to Macduff of the news of the slaying of his wife and children—"All my pretty chickens and their dam at one fell

swoop." In connection with Sir Barry Jackson's experiment, it is worth recalling that, when it was the usual thing to give period pieces in costumes of the moment, Garrick, as Macbeth, wore the uniform of an officer of the Guards of his time; just as he had worn a black Court suit and wig of his time as Hamlet. At the Court, Macbeth is played by Mr. Eric Maturin and Lady Macbeth by Miss Mary Merrall. Mr. Scott Sunderland is the Macduff; Mr. Laurence Olivier, the Malcolm; Mr. Ivan Brandt, the Donalbain; and the Witches are the Misses Muriel Aked, Joan Pereira, and Una O'Connor. The production is for a limited "run."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

BEAKED-WHALES, CUTTLE-FISH, AND THE FISHING INDUSTRY.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE other day I had occasion to describe the stranding of a school of those excessively rare animals, the "False-killer" whales, in the Dornoch Firth. They apparently met their fate in the pursuit of cuttle-fish, letting desire outrun discretion, for they evidently failed to realise that they were entering what, for them, was a *cul de sac*. To-day I want to say something of another cuttle-fish eater, the rare Sowerby's whale (*Mesoplodon bidens*), which stranded itself a few days ago at Mablethorpe, Lincolnshire. This is not only one of the rarest of our whales, but it belongs to that very remarkable group of cetaceans known as the "beaked-whales," five of which are to be reckoned as British species. One of them, indeed, the "bottle-nosed" whale, is fairly common in our waters. I once had the thrilling experience of being in the middle of a passing school of them when off Tory Island, Co. Donegal, in an open boat. One could not help wondering what would happen if one of them came to the surface just under our boat, for they were hefty fellows of about thirty feet long, much longer than our boat, and we were many miles from land.

In this matter of size these beaked-whales vary considerably, ranging from the little New Zealand kogia of nine feet to its mighty relative the sperm-whale of sixty feet. All the members of this group are distinguished by the presence of a pair of pleats, looking like long slits, one on each side of the throat, and of unknown function. Save in the sperm-whale and in the kogias—miniature sperm-whales—all have the snout prolonged into what may be described as a beak—hence the name "beaked-whales." In the bottle-nosed whale this beak stands out abruptly from the forehead, recalling that of a dolphin. And this on account of the development of a huge mass of fibrous elastic tissue, holding in its meshes a quantity of a very pure, clear, tasteless oil, of a quality almost equalling that of the famous "sperm-oil" itself, which is obtained from the head of the sperm-whale; and in the days when lamps were lit by oil it was very precious. It was also used in making the candles known as "spermaceti candles." But the sperm-whale is such an extraordinary creature that, were I to begin to describe it, I should have no room wherein to

speck of my main theme—Sowerby's whale. On this occasion, then, I shall have to rest content with a reference to its teeth alone, and this shall be made presently. As touching Sowerby's whale, the specimen stranded the other day, a male, was just under fifteen feet long: the maximum recorded length is sixteen feet.

An extremely dark sepia, which most people would call black, is the prevailing colour of the beaked-whales; but in some, as maturity approaches, the upper parts assume a pale slate-grey coloration; and in Cuvier's beaked-whale the head and forepart of the back may

left-hand photograph below (Fig. 2). In this picture—and it is worth while drawing attention to the fact—it will be seen that the upper lip is notched apparently by the pressure of the tooth opposed to it.

Regarded as so many facts, the number and position of these teeth may well leave one quite cold. But the moment we begin to ask why there should be such striking differences, and why, where the number of the teeth is reduced to one or two pairs, they should be found in the males alone, interest is at once aroused. To begin with, all feed on cuttle-fish, as also does the false-killer with a mouthful of relatively enormous teeth, and its near relation, the "pilot-whale" (*Globicephalus*). Why have some a formidable armature of teeth, and others, as in the females, none at all, while the males have but one, or at most two, pairs, since all pursue the same prey—cuttle-fish? Berardius, already a rare species, and the sperm-whale, owing to the ruthless slaughter of all the larger whales by the big whaling companies, are likely to be wiped out before long, and before we have an opportunity of obtaining from these species the evidence we are in search of. Of the others, investigation into this aspect of their life-history will be by no means easy. But a great deal of light on a number of allied problems would follow the solution of these puzzling features.

The continued existence of these large whales is a matter of first-rate importance, not merely for the value of the oil they yield, but for the heavy toll they levy on cuttle-fish, which are most destructive to the well-being of our fishing industry. This much may be gathered from the fact that ten thousand cuttle-fish beaks have been taken from the stomach of a single bottle-nosed whale. We mostly fail to realise the vastness of the numbers of these voracious molluscs, because the deeps of the open sea are very effectively hidden from our eyes. Exterminate their chief enemies, the larger whales, and we shall have a very disagreeable demonstration of the havoc they can accomplish, in a famine in food-fish. Let us not slumber in a fool's paradise, lulling ourselves into a state of drowsy apathy by murmuring "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," or "Let to-morrow look after itself"!



FIG. 1.—A STRIKING CONTRAST TO THE JAW OF SOWERBY'S WHALE (*MESOPLODON BIDENS*) SHOWN IN FIG. 2: THE LOWER JAW OF *BERARDIUS*—WITH TWO PAIRS OF TEETH—ONE PAIR LARGE AND TRIANGULAR, THE OTHER CONICAL (FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS).

In *Berardius* two teeth are present, that at the end of the jaw being very large and triangular in shape. The striking contrast between this jaw and that of *Mesoplodon* is at present beyond our power of interpretation.

become pure white. The Sowerby's whale which I am now discussing had a light slate-grey back. The black areas of the body bore numerous white spots, and there

were, besides, a number of long white streaks, which, when the finger was passed lightly over them, proved to be grooves. They may be seen in the adjoining photographs (Figs. 2 and 3). These markings, with a number of small oval and circular white grooves, are scars made by the writhing, sucker-bearing arms of great cuttle-fish in their efforts to break away from their captors.

Not the least interesting aspect of the beaked-whales is that which pertains to their teeth. The kogias may have two conspicuous teeth in the upper jaw, while in the lower jaw the number ranges from nine to fifteen. In the great sperm-whale the teeth in the upper jaw are reduced to mere vestiges, which never cut the gum. But in all the other species of this group the lower jaw alone bears teeth, and these are curiously interesting.

In *Berardius*, of the seas of the far South, a species just over thirty feet long, there are but two pairs of teeth, and these in the lower jaw: one pair at the tip of the jaw, triangular in shape; the other pair some distance farther back, and conical (Fig. 1). True's whale—of which only three specimens are known, and one of these was taken some years ago in our waters—and Cuvier's whale have but one pair of thick, conical teeth in the males, at the end of the lower jaw. In the bottle-nosed whale the males alone have teeth, a pair, again at the end of the lower jaw, though on dissection I commonly find a small second pair close behind the first, which never cut the gum; and once or twice I have found minute vestiges of several other teeth. But in all the others of this tribe the males alone have teeth—a pair, triangular in shape, near the middle of the jaw, as may be seen in the



FIG. 2. SHOWING ONE OF THE TWO LOWER-JAW TEETH (ONLY POSSESSED BY MALES) AND THE NOTCH IT HAS MADE IN THE UPPER LIP: THE HEAD OF A SOWERBY'S WHALE (*MESOPLODON BIDENS*) RECENTLY STRANDED AT MABLETHORPE.

Sowerby's whale is one of the beaked-whales in which the adult male alone has teeth, in the middle of each lower jaw. As with other cuttle-fish-eating species, the body is scarred by wounds made by their writhing arms in their endeavour to escape. The letters indicate (a) tooth; (b) notch for tooth; (c) blow-hole; (d) throat-pleat; (e) scars, (f) eye, and (g) ear.

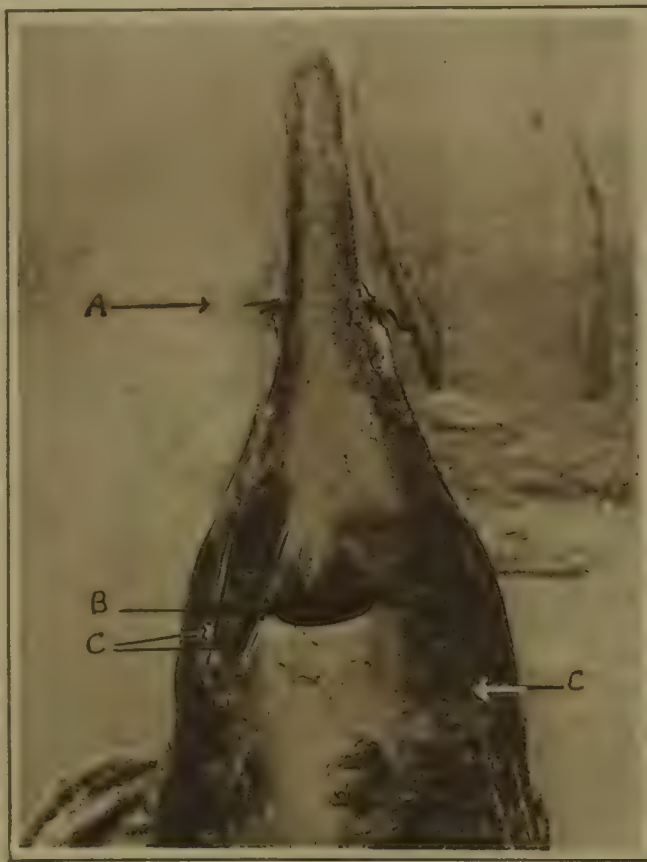


FIG. 3. SCARRED BY THE SUCKERS OF CUTTLE-FISH IT HAS DEVoured: THE TOP OF THE SAME WHALE'S HEAD (AS IN FIG. 2)—SHOWING THE BLOW-HOLE AND BARNACLES—ONE (A) MARKED BY A MATCH THRUST INTO ITS TUBE.

Seen from the upper surface of the head, the scars made by captured cuttle-fish are more conspicuous. At the base of each tooth in this specimen was a colony of barnacles (*Conchoderma*, which also anchor themselves to the teeth of the bottle-nosed whale, for the sake of being carried about to fresh feeding grounds. Into the tube of one of these barnacles a match (a) has been thrust. Note also the blow-hole (b) and scars (c).

A NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION: KRAKATOA ACTIVITY.



THE NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO IN ERUPTION: HOT LAVA MASSES (BLACK IN THE PHOTOGRAPH) AND STEAM (WHITE) RISING FROM THE SEA.



SEEN AT INTERVALS OF FROM HALF A MINUTE TO A MINUTE: THE STEAM CLOUD AFTER AN ERUPTION—LANG ISLAND IN THE BACKGROUND.



TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF 300 METRES:
AN ERUPTION OF LAVA.



TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF 250 METRES:
ONE OF THE FREQUENT ERUPTIONS.



TAKEN FROM A DISTANCE OF FIVE KILOMETRES:
A STEAM-CLOUD.



"ON FALLING BACK INTO THE WATER, THIS LAVA CAUSES A LARGE CLOUD OF STEAM":
AN ERUPTION PHOTOGRAPHED FROM A DISTANCE OF 500 METRES.



ACTIVITY THAT IS TO BE WATCHED FROM A CAMP AT THE SUMMIT
OF LANG ISLAND: THE NEW SUBMARINE VOLCANO BETWEEN LANG
AND VERLATEN ISLANDS.

Fresh signs of volcanic activity having shown themselves in the sea about Krakatoa, Dr. van Stehn, Dr. Umbgrove, and Mr. Ecoma Verstege, of the Geological Survey of the Government of the Dutch East Indies, proceeded from Batavia, with their assistants, to investigate on the spot. Dr. A. C. de Jongh, the Director of the Geological Survey, sending, at our request, these photographs taken on January 4 by Dr. Umbgrove, informs us that it was found that a new submarine volcano had formed between Lang Island and Verlaten (Lost) Island, two of the Krakatoa group, which consists of them and of Rakata, or Krakatoa proper. These islands are in the Sunda Strait, and it need hardly be said that they are uninhabited. "Hot

lava masses (black in the photographs)," Dr. de Jongh writes, "are ejected from 50 to 200 metres above the surface of the water. On falling back into the water, this lava causes a large cloud of steam (white in the photographs), which rises quickly. After half a minute or a minute, the spectacle starts anew. Occasionally the interval is longer; then the eruption is more violent. Some of the photographs were taken from a distance of about two hundred metres, nearer than which it was unsafe to take the ship. A tragic sequel to the present eruption is not expected, but a semi-permanent camp is to be set up on the summit of Lang Island in order that there may be regular observation of the new volcano's activities."

THE EVERLASTING WAR: CRIMINALS AND THE COMMUNITY.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"CROOKS AND CRIME": By J. KENNETH FERRIER.*

(PUBLISHED BY MESSRS. SEELEY, SERVICE AND CO.)

NOT every male crook is unwary enough to shed an ill-gummed moustache as he seeks to cash a forged cheque; not every woman bent on changing "jargons" for diamonds is unlucky enough to be watched by wifely eyes replacing those cut from a dingy picture hung in a one-man jeweller's shop; but none knows better than the "habitual" of either sex that the most parasitical of professions is as hazardous as it is anti-social: for there is everlasting war between the criminal and the community, and as the weapons of the murderers, the thieves, and the cheats increase in keenness, so the parries of the police gain in rapidity and strength, and their touches become deadlier.

To courage, intensive training, and experience, the modern detective adds the resources of science. He has specialists at his beck and call, and—pace the writer of sensational "best-sellers"—he uses them to their best advantage and the undoing of his natural quarry. Certain of his work is of the rough-and-ready order; more of it calls for brains rather than brawn. This is made abundantly evident by Mr. Ferrier. While rendering unto muscle that which is muscle's, he bows to method controlled by experts. This notably, of course, in the case of finger-prints and the recording system that makes them unchallengeable as accusers.

"For centuries," he recalls, "the Chinese have known that every human being carries about with him ten infallible witnesses of his identity, viz., the papillary ridges on the first joints of his fingers, which form distinct patterns of extraordinary variety and retain all their peculiarities throughout life. A child is born with its fingers lined in a certain unique way; the fingers grow in size, but throughout boyhood, manhood, and maturity the patterns remain unchanged from infancy to senility, and until long after death the finger-prints remain true to their first form. Injuries may partially destroy them, but never entirely, and as the injury heals the original lines reassert themselves exactly as before. . . . No two finger-prints have ever been found to be alike." They will reveal the guilty and, what is even more important, they will protect the innocent from false imprisonment. "Had they been in use in 1877, Adolph Beck's most remarkable resemblance to John Smith would have been less unfortunate for him."

"In the Celestial land," continues our authority, "passports from time immemorial had consisted of a Government stamped piece of oiled paper upon which the traveller had to record his digital marks before setting out on any journey. This passport of identity could neither be borrowed, stolen, nor imitated." In similar fashion, natives of India were wont to insist on adding their thumb-impressions to signatures on documents relating to the transfer of land or other property. In 1823 Professor Purkenje drew European attention to the patterns on the phalanges and their significance. Fifty years or so ago Professor Francis Galton conceived a complicated classification. Some thirty years ago Sir Edward Henry modified the method by recognising two primary factors—"spiral or circular patterns of the whirlpool order which terminate in a common centre and are technically termed 'whorls,' and the wavy patterns which are termed 'loops and arches.'" Even then there were sceptics—especially in the United States, that land of Law's delays and of judicature so local and so erratic in its procedure that, to cite a single example, a Governor of the State of Missouri once commuted the sentence of death passed on a murderer to one of penal servitude for life with the pronouncement: "No man in Missouri can be executed without his consent. This prisoner thinks his life is still worth living."

Finger-prints, then, are proof positive—but, equally

of course, they are not always available. They will convict the old hand and, once he is caught, disclose the gloveless criminal who has left his sign-manual on a bottle, a glass, a table-top, a window-sill, a candle-end, a safe, a till, or what not; but often there is no such opportunity given to the wielders of the sword of Justice. Thus it is that more ordinary methods of identification have to come into play. "The recruit to the Criminal Investigation Department has much to learn, and, perhaps to him, the most interesting part of his training is observation in personality and the ability to give an oral portrait correctly. Students of Physiognomy know that human ears in their general conformation differ greatly in different persons [parenthetically, we remark that we dealt briefly with this subject in our issue of Feb. 4];

mailers, political offenders, and card-sharpers must be studied, that they may become vainer than those of the Heathen Chinese. In no case is this more necessary than in that of the card-sharper, especially the Society pest who batters on the young officer and his light-headed kin. Mr. Ferrier is careful not to give away anything likely to assist the potential "blood-sucker," but he tells quite enough to show how dangerous he—or she—may be.

"I know," he says, "of an instance when a snuff-box, a pretty conceit, was used in cheating at cards. On its lid there was a medallion as large as a florin, and containing in miniature the drawing of a lady. The usual form of by-play was for its owner to take a pinch of snuff from it, and then put it on the card-table; another player

would admire it, and it would be passed round the table for general inspection. During the play the owner of the box again took snuff, and while doing so he touched a part of the box which caused the painted lady to disappear, leaving in her place a dark background which converted the lid of the snuff-box into a moderately good reflector. The cheat then placed the box in front of him, and when he was dealing the cards he could identify their faces in a small mirror. To avert suspicion, he occasionally took snuff when others were dealing, replacing the picture, and then offering a pinch to other players." After that only the word banal can be applied to the ancient device of the conveniently "dumped" cigarette-case with shining, reflecting surface; the

looking-glass frequented room; and the pipe with a mirror in its bowl!

As to special cards and marked cards, they figure at least as often, more often perhaps, than such ingenuities as those mentioned. The odd-size court card is an old friend; but what shall be said of cards pricked with the finger-ring; touched on the backs with dye borne on a vest-pad; doctored back-designs; indented cards; and cards "bumped" with the fingers? Also, what of this? "A card-sharper once demonstrated to me that he could identify the court cards when dealing from a new pack, which he opened in my presence. Before commencing to deal he pressed the pack against the table with his left thumb, and as he dealt he turned the court cards face up on the table. I naturally thought it was a trick or marked pack, but he explained that, to fix the colours of cards, manufacturers use a refined gum, and, owing to the court cards having a larger area of colour than the 'rags,' they, when squeezed together, stuck a little more closely to the backs of the cards beneath them. One realises that exceedingly delicate sensitiveness of touch is necessary in this case. Some card-sharpers highly polish both sides of the aces, kings, queens, and knaves, so as to make them slip readily in dealing, and they sprinkle the 'rags' with the dust of resin to cause them to hold and make them 'sluggish.'"

As to other phases, they must be left for the reader to find between the covers of "Crooks and Crime." They are numerous, enthralling, and at times as thrilling as any "railway" novel or Wallace-like play. All sorts and conditions of law-breakers, from our own country and from the United States, figure in the pages, and more than a moiety of them will remain in the memory—Mad Mike, of one of the most awful fights in the history of detection and arrest, Mad Mike who commandeered the engine of an American train after having robbed the passengers and compelled the driver to forge ahead, leaving the detached carriages behind; the woman who stole even the gold false teeth of her victim of a night; the Sinn Feiners who sought to fire a store of in-

flammable material that included seven hundred gallons of petrol, but fixed their fuses in barrels of an oil that was so heavy that it would quench a brand of cotton-wool soaked in petrol; the "Raffles" of reality who assisted the host he had robbed in his search for the thief, and commiserated as a true friend should! All these cannot be forgotten. Mr. Ferrier's Tales of Circumvention and Capture are as sure of readers as the up-to-date jeweller is of the efficiency of his well-lit or secret safes and the shop-door that locks automatically when an assistant presses a button.

E. H. G.



A MEERSCHAUM SMOKED BY CHARLES DICKENS: A RELIC OF THE GREAT NOVELIST WHICH IS TO BE SOLD BY AUCTION.

Messrs. Sotheby are to sell this relic of Dickens on February 13. With it, in Lot 70, goes an autograph letter signed by the novelist, and written at Gadshill Place on July 24, 1862.

the same applies to other features of the head, face, and body. The young detective is trained to estimate the height of a man, and observe with accuracy personal features that would assist in his identification. . . . In training for oral portraiture, the student is required to go into the Courtyard among a hundred men who are walking about, and touch the one who has been described by the tutor. In this test he is timed and receives a certain percentage of marks for speed and accuracy in recognition. Each recruit has then to go into the crowd, take a mental note of the appearance of several persons, and, having done so, he returns to a room where he gives to his comrades oral portraits, and they are required



USED BY STRADIVARI WHEN MAKING THE BODIES OF HIS VIOLINS: A RELIC NOW IN THE MUSEUM AT CREMONA.

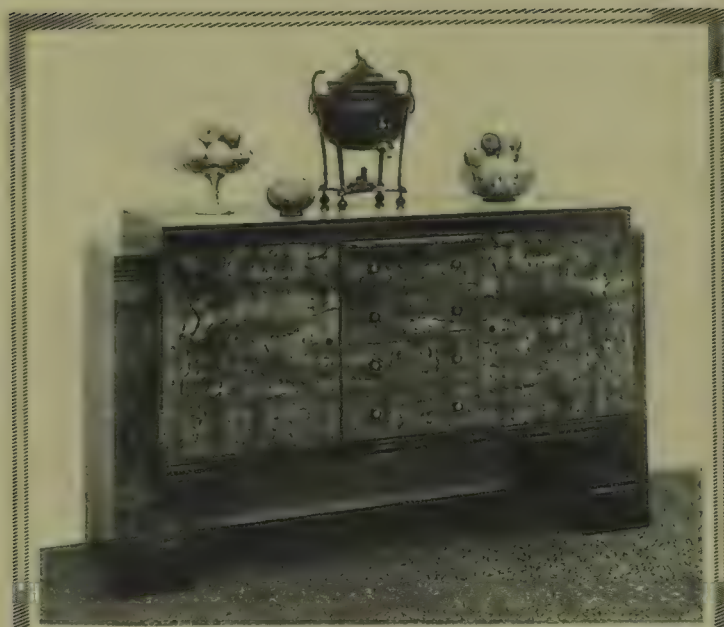
Antonio Stradivari, it may be noted, was born in 1644 and died in 1737. He was a pupil of Nicholas Amati, and was to become world-famous as the greatest representative of the Cremonese school of violin-making. His instruments, which he sold for about £4 each, are remarkable not only for their tone, but for beauty of workmanship and form. His "grand" period was from 1700 to about 1725.

to go into the Yard and find the men described. Another test is that the recruit is placed in a furnished room for two minutes, and on leaving it has to describe the furniture which it contains and its exact position in the room."

So much for that phase. In many associated with it Experience—with a very large E—is vital. There must be familiarity not only with individuals and types, but with the peculiarities of specialist criminals—and a great percentage is specialist. The tricks, the tortuous ways, of pickpockets, burglars, jewel thieves, forgers, bigamists, fortune-tellers, white-slavers, coiners, black-

* "Crooks and Crime." Describing the Methods of Criminals from the Area Sneak to the Professional Card-sharper, Forger, or Murderer, and the Various Ways in which they are Circumvented and Captured. By J. Kenneth Ferrier, Formerly Detective-Inspector, Scotland Yard. With Illustrations. (Seeley, Service and Co.; 18s. net.)

"CHIPPENDALE" AND "SHERATON" OF THE FUTURE: MODERNIST FURNITURE.



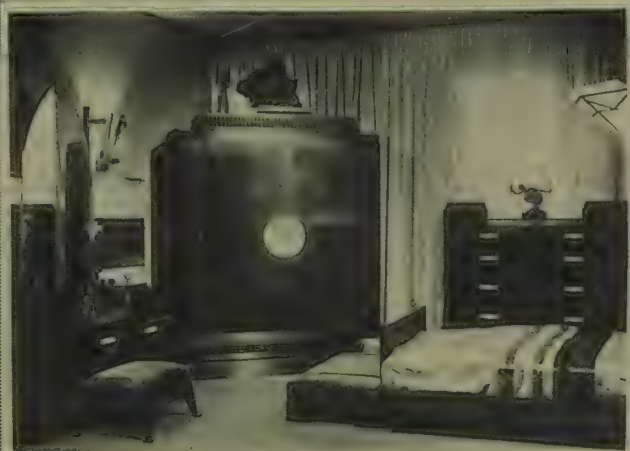
"GONE ARE THE DUSTY CORNICES AND SCROLLS": A SIDEBOARD IN DRAPERIE MAHOGANY INLAID WITH EBONY—THE HANDLES OF EBONY AND IVORY.



"NEW WOODS, NEW INLAYS, NEW VENEERS CONTRIBUTE TO FRESH AND DELIGHTFUL POSSIBILITIES IN COLOUR": A D-END EXTENDING DINING-TABLE IN PALE ANCONA WALNUT INLAID WITH MACASSAR EBONY.



BEAUTY WITH COMFORT: A DINING-ROOM CHAIR IN FRENCH WALNUT INLAID WITH MACASSAR EBONY AND UPHOLSTERED IN SATIN.



AWARDED A 100-GUINEA PRIZE: A BED-ROOM SUITE DESIGNED BY THOMAS S. TAIT, F.R.I.B.A., WITH A BED THAT IS "NOT A MAUSOLEUM, BUT A HOMELY RESTING-PLACE."

THE very interesting modernist furniture here illustrated is the result of a recent competition originated by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, of the "Furnishing Trades Organiser." The committee of judges included Lady Oxford, Princess Bibesco, Lady Islington, Sir Frank Baines, Director of Works at the Office of Works, and many well-known architects. Sir Frank Baines said that the function of decorative arts was to make the

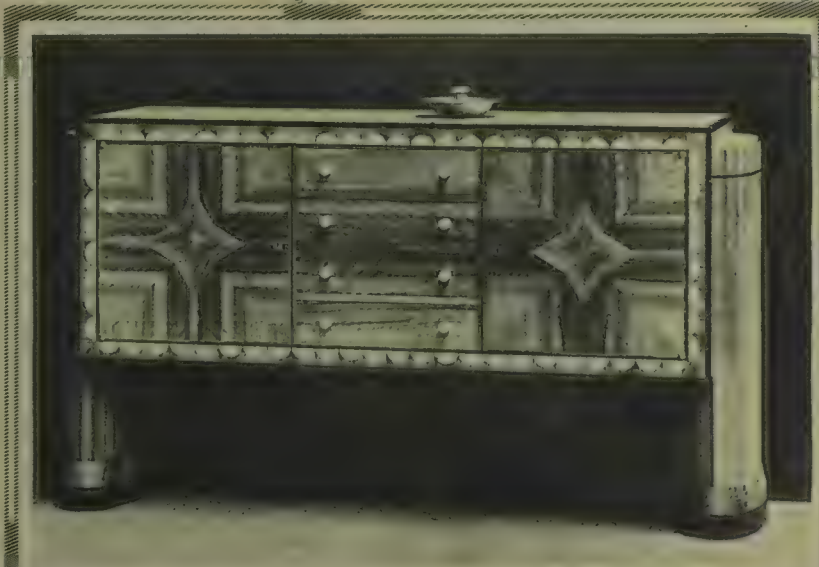
(Continued below.)



DESIGNED BY M. VIENOT, OF THE MAGASIN DIM, IN PARIS: A FRENCH MODERNIST BED-ROOM WITH UNCONVENTIONAL EFFECTS.



FURNITURE THAT "SPRINGS NATURALLY, LIKE SHERATON AND CHIPPENDALE, FROM THE NEEDS AND CIRCUMSTANCES OF THE DAY": AN EXTENDING DINING-TABLE OF DRAPERIE MAHOGANY INLAID WITH EBONY



"THERE IS A WEALTH OF COLOUR HERE": A SIDEBOARD OF PALE ANCONA WALNUT INLAID IN MACASSAR EBONY, WITH QUARTERED PANELS TO THE CUPBOARDS.

(Continued.)

decoration an integral part of the thing it adorned. He expected an easy chair to solicit him to repose; he expected his bed not to be a mausoleum, implying that he was lying-in-state for the last time, but a homely resting-place. There were eighty-three entries for the competition, some from Shanghai and New Zealand. Three prizes of 100 guineas each, for complete furniture for a double bed-room, were won by Mr. Thomas S. Tait, F.R.I.B.A., Mr. L. Scott-Cooper, and Mr. Albert Stayner. In a leaflet describing the exhibition now on view at Messrs. Shoolbreds, in Tottenham Court Road, and lately visited by the Prince of Wales, we read: "This modern furniture springs naturally, like Sheraton or Chippendale,

from the needs and circumstances of the day, and, like Sheraton or Chippendale, it has a life, a meaning, a beauty of its own. It is the expression, in current terms of thought, of the art of home-making. Most noticeable, perhaps, is the sheer simplicity of the new design. Unpretentious and straightforward in purpose, it is above all quiet and restful in result. Gone are the dusty cornices and scrolls; gone are the overmantels, the 'tiers, idle tiers.' The furniture does not only look restful, it is restful and comfortable to use. It is essentially labour-saving. There is a wealth of colour here, besides. New woods, new inlays, and new veneers all contribute to fresh and delightful possibilities in using colour."

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE "SPIRIT" OF THE LATE JAPANESE EMPEROR YOSHIHITO, TAKEN FROM THE TOMB TO BE ENSHRINED IN THE PALACE SANCTUARY AT TOKIO: THE HOLY PALANQUIN AND ITS BEARERS IN PROCESSION.



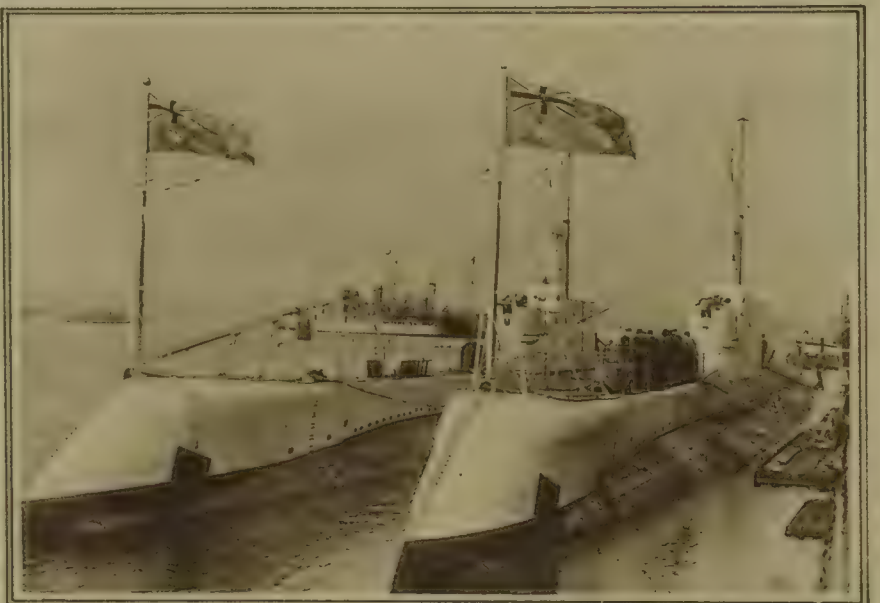
THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CUSTOM (LAPSED FOR NEARLY A CENTURY) AT THE OPENING OF THE IRISH SALMON SEASON: CANON TIERNEY BLESSING THE FISHERMEN'S NETS AND BOATS AT BLACKROCK, CORK.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AND THE AMENDED PRAYER BOOK MEASURE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY (AT THE TABLE ON RIGHT) ADDRESSING THE CHURCH ASSEMBLY IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER, AT THE OPENING OF THE SPRING SESSION, ON PROCEDURE IN DISCUSSION OF THE NEW PROPOSALS.



THE "AQUITANIA" SWEEPED BY HEAVY SEAS DURING A RECENT VOYAGE TO NEW YORK, THE STORMIEST IN THE CAPTAIN'S EXPERIENCE: ONE OF THE GREAT LINER'S DECKS COMPLETELY COVERED BY THE WAVES.

At the Spring Session of the Church Assembly, on February 6, in the Great Hall of the Church House at Westminster, the Archbishop of Canterbury presided over a very large attendance of members of the three Houses of Bishops, Clergy, and Laity. His address was devoted mainly to the subject of procedure in discussing the amended Prayer-Book Measure. The three Houses arranged to consider it in separate sittings on the following day.—The great Cunard liner 'Aquitania' recently had a very rough passage across the Atlantic. She arrived at New York on January 26 with several portholes smashed, and forty-five hours



MAKING THE FIRST UNESCORTED VOYAGE BY SUBMARINES FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA—12,692 MILES: THE AUSTRALIAN SUBMARINES "OXLEY" AND "OTWAY," FLYING THEIR AUSTRALIAN JACKS.

late. It was Captain Diggle's first voyage as her commander, and he described it as the stormiest in all his experience. There were 1179 passengers.—It was arranged that the two Australian submarines "Oxley" and "Otway," built in England for the Australian Navy, should leave Portsmouth for Sydney on February 8, and thus set out on the first unescorted voyage made by submarines from England to Australia. From Thursday Island the vessels will be under the care of H.M.A.S. "Platypus," and they will proceed to Sydney in her company. They were inspected by Sir Granville Ryrie at Portsmouth on February 5.

PARLIAMENT OPENED BY "THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY."



FOR THE FIRST TIME, UNACCOMPANIED BY THE QUEEN: THE KING OPENS THE FOURTH SESSION OF THE SIXTH PARLIAMENT OF HIS REIGN—HIS MAJESTY LEAVING THE HOUSE OF LORDS AFTER THE CEREMONY.

To use the form of the Order of Ceremonial of the "Proceeding to Parliament"—the King's Most Excellent Majesty opened the fourth Session of the sixth Parliament of his reign on February 7. For the first time, Her Majesty the Queen did not accompany His Majesty, as she has been suffering from a cold, and it was deemed inadvisable that she should venture out for the occasion. In his speech, His Majesty dealt, amongst other subjects, with China, of which

he said: "The position has so far improved as to permit large reductions in the naval and military forces sent to the Far East for the protection of My British and Indian subjects resident in the Concessions"; with the coming visit of the King of Afghanistan; with trade and industry, of which he said: "There are many encouraging signs of progressive improvement."; and with the "Votes at Twenty-one" Bill. For the drive, His Majesty used the Old State Coach.

A THREE-EYED PREHISTORIC MONSTER FOUND IN WARWICKSHIRE:

The Skeleton of a
Plesiosaurus that Lived
a Hundred Million
Years Ago, when
England may have been
at the Bottom of
the Sea.

Also Two New Additions
to the Nation's
Treasures of Zoology
in London.

RESTORATION DRAWING (No. 3)
SPECIALLY MADE FOR
'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'
BY MISS ALICE B. WOODWARD.
(COPYRIGHTED.)



1. SEEMINGLY "A BIT OF FLUFF," BUT PROTECTED BY SHARP QUILLS CONCEALED BY LONG WHITE HAIR: THE "ZOO'S" NEW MEXICAN TREE PORCUPINE, THAT CAN ONLY BE PICKED UP BY THE TAIL.

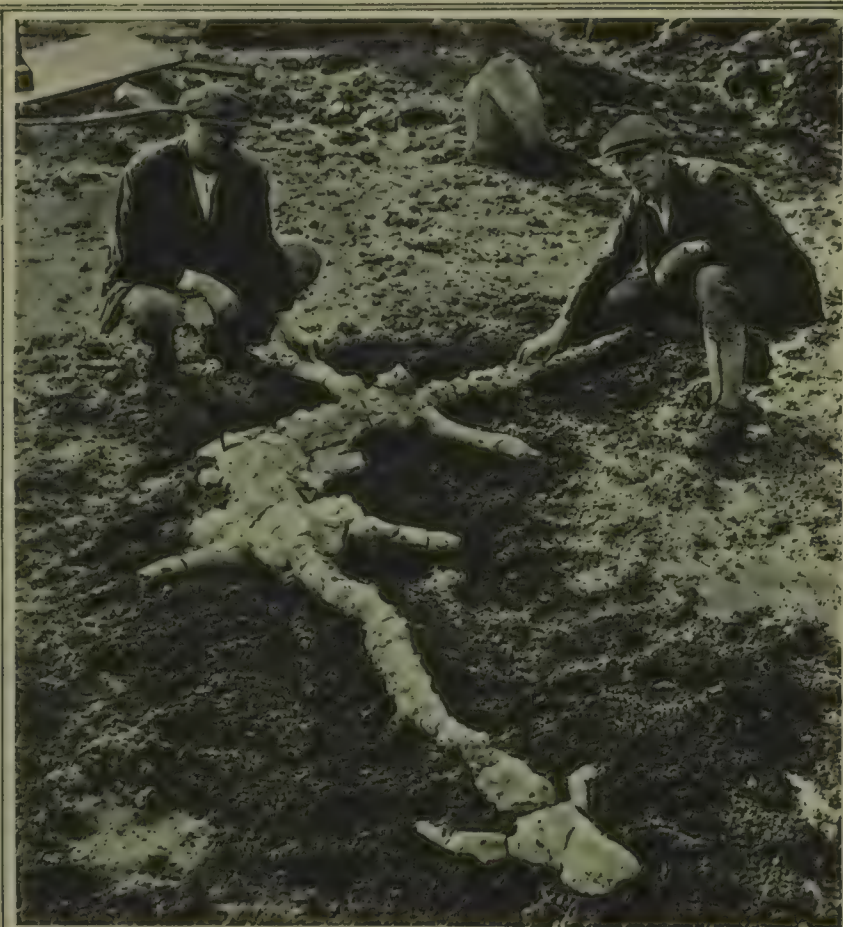


3. SHOWING THE THIRD (PINEAL) EYE ON TOP OF THE HEAD: GIANT PLESIOSAURS, AS THEY EXISTED IN LIFE, CATCHING FISH; WITH TWO ICHTHYOSAURS (ABOVE) TO INDICATE DIFFERENCE OF SIZE (A RESTORATION DRAWING).

A zoological discovery of extraordinary interest was made recently in the Red Triangle Quarries at Harbury, in Warwickshire—a complete skeleton of a plesiosaurus, a giant long-necked prehistoric lizard that lived on fish. It is to be placed in the Natural History Museum, beside a smaller ichthyosaurus (found in an adjacent quarry) which it may have encountered in life. Professor W. E. Swinton, of the Department of Geology, estimates the age of the new skeleton from 100,000,000 to 200,000,000 years. "The Red Triangle Plesiosaurus," he says, "is a rare example in that the head was still attached. Generally the head is missing. The plesiosaurus's head is triangular, and has a third eye on top



2. A SIMIAN "COLLATERAL" OF *HOMO SAPIENS*? A BARE-CHESTED GORILLA FROM THE BELGIAN CONGO, IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, FOR WHICH IT WAS ACQUIRED BY THE AID OF LORD ROTHSCHILD.



4. COMPLETE WITH ITS TRIANGULAR HEAD, STAINED RED: THE SKELETON OF A 16-FT. PLESIOSAURUS (ESTIMATED AT 100,000,000 TO 200,000,000 YEARS OLD) AS RECENTLY UNEARTHED IN A WARWICKSHIRE QUARRY.

of the skull. The vestige of this remains in man as the pineal gland. When this fossil was found, the head was stained red. So well preserved is it that it has all its teeth. It is 16 ft. long; the majority found have been only 6 ft. This specimen may have died when England was at the bottom of the sea." Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has suggested that plesiosaurs may still exist, for he once saw a creature similarly shaped, and about 4 ft. long, swimming in the sea off Greece; and he mentions other evidence, including a Queensland correspondent's drawing of a young "plesiosaurus" caught in a net in Australia. Sir Arthur's story, "The Lost World," introduced prehistoric monsters.



The Colour of
Chinese Pottery:
Remarkable
Examples of
Delicate Glazes
of the Yuan,
Early Ming
and K'ang Hsi
Periods.



WITH A MINUTELY CRACKLED GLAZE OF TURQUOISE-BLUE: A CHINESE VASE OF THE K'ANG HSI PERIOD, 4.5 INCHES IN HEIGHT. (FROM THE HETHERINGTON COLLECTION.)

WITH APPLE-GREEN GLAZE AND A STONE-GREY "CRACKLE" WITH A COATING OF TRANSPARENT EMERALD-GREEN, FAINTLY LUSTROUS: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE VASE, 5.5 IN. HIGH. (HADDEN COLLECTION.)



OF BUFF STONEWARE WITH LIGHTLY CRACKLED OPALESCENT GLAZE OF PALE LAVENDER-BLUE, AND PURPLISH MARKINGS AT THE SHOULDERS: A "SOFT CHÜN" JAR OF THE YUAN OR EARLY MING DYNASTY, 4.5 IN. HIGH. (ALEXANDER COLLECTION.)

"In the brief Yüan dynasty (1280-1368)," writes Mr. R. L. Hobson, "when China was a wing of the great Mongol Empire, renewed intercourse with the West must have exerted a certain influence on Chinese art. . . . The Mongols, ousted by the native Ming dynasty (1368-1644), were driven back beyond the Great Wall. . . . The superb Ming three-coloured ware was decorated in glazes. . . . The art of the Manchu, or Ch'ing dynasty (1644-1912) has little that is new. Age-long tradition had brought perfect mastery of material and technique. . . . In the early eighteenth century, imitation of the antique was again the rage. The wonderful sapphire-blue of the K'ang Hsi blue and white owes its purity and brilliance to careful preparation of the cobalt mineral. . . . The Emperor K'ang Hsi founded an academy for applied arts in Peking."



OF PORCELAIN, WITH COLOURED GLAZES AND BELTS OF ENGRAVED DESIGNS: A CHINESE VASE OF THE EARLY MING DYNASTY, 22 IN. HIGH. (FROM THE RAPHAEL COLLECTION.)

Snow in the Hunting Field: Exercise in Place of Sport.

FROM THE DRAWING BY GILBERT HOLIDAY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGERTY JOG": EXERCISING HOUNDS WHEN SPORT IS PREVENTED BY SNOW.

It is generally agreed that snow lends a certain beauty to the winter landscape, but its picturesque aspect, perhaps, is not fully appreciated in the world of fox-hunting, for a heavy snowfall makes sport for a while impossible. At the same time, it is necessary that hounds should continue to have exercise, in order to keep them fit for the day when the ardours of the chase can be resumed. The

artist has here depicted a typical winter scene in a hunting country. The pack has been taken out for a "constitutional," and hounds, huntsmen, and horses alike have a disconsolate air, as they traverse the thick white "carpet" which has obliterated the traces of Reynard, and rendered him temporarily immune from their attentions.

THE NATION'S HOMAGE TO LORD HAIG: HIS COFFIN IN THE ABBEY.

DRAWN BY STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I., OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WESTMINSTER ABBEY DURING THE FUNERAL SERVICE: THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY PRONOUNCES THE BLESSING.

The funeral service for Lord Haig in Westminster Abbey was simple but intensely moving. The coffin, covered with the Union Jack, was borne through the Abbey in slow procession, past the Unknown Warrior's grave, and placed on a bier before the Altar. On it were laid the dead Field-Marshal's sword, bâton, and plumed hat. Lady Haig and her daughters sat near the lectern. After the Dean had read the Lesson, from Revelation—"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude"—the congregation sang the hymn, "Abide With Me." The

Precentor then said the Lord's Prayer and other prayers, including the prayer for the Brotherhood, living and departed, of the Order of the Bath. Next came, with wonderful effect, that beautiful lament, "The Flowers of the Forest," played by the Pipes of the London Scottish. As the last notes died away, the Archbishop of Canterbury pronounced the Blessing. Then the trumpets of the Household Cavalry sounded the Last Post and Reveille, a verse of the National Anthem was sung, and the service ended with "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

LORD HAIG'S LONDON FUNERAL: NOTABLE DETAILS AND PERSONALITIES.



AN "EX-ENEMY" TRIBUTE TO THE BRITISH LEADER: THE GERMAN FLAG AT HALF-MAST ON THE GERMAN EMBASSY.



ROYAL TRIBUTES TO "THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF HIS MAJESTY'S VICTORIOUS ARMIES IN THE FIELD": ROYAL WREATHS OF FLANDERS POPPIES ARRIVING AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY



WITH "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES" IN THE PROCESSION: GENERAL SIR EDWARD BETHUNE (LEFT), AND COLONEL McENROY, M.C.



USED AT THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S BURIAL, AND TO FIRE THE FIRST SHELL OF THE WAR: THE GUN-CARRIAGE, AT ST COLUMBA'S; AND THE COFFIN BEING CARRIED OUT.



A LEGLESS WAR HERO WITH THE BRITISH LEGION GROUP IN THE PROCESSION: MAJOR J. B. B. COHEN, M.P., IN HIS MOTOR INVALID CYCLE.



WITH RIFLES SLUNG ON BACKS AND NOT REVERSED IN BRITISH STYLE: THE BELGIAN DETACHMENT—THEIR OFFICER CARRYING HIS SWORD UNREVERSED, ACCORDING TO CUSTOM.



CARRYING THEIR RIFLES UNDER THEIR ARMS, UNREVERSED ACCORDING TO THEIR NATIONAL CUSTOM: THE FRENCH DETACHMENT—THEIR OFFICER CARRYING HIS SWORD UNREVERSED.

Our former enemies, the Germans, joined in paying the last honours to Lord Haig, who, as the King said in his public tribute, "will for all time be remembered as the Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's victorious Armies in the Field."—The wreaths sent by the King and the Prince of Wales were of Flanders poppies made by the disabled men in the British Legion poppy factory, in whose welfare, as in that of all ex-Service men, Lord Haig had taken so devoted an interest.—The gun-carriage on which he was borne to the Abbey was that used at the burial

of the Unknown Warrior, and is the carriage of the gun which fired the first British shell in the war. It was lent for the funeral by the Imperial War Museum.—Major J. B. B. Cohen, M.P., who lost both his legs in the war, is the Hon. Treasurer of the British Legion, and is M.P. (Unionist) for the Fairfield Division of Liverpool.—The Belgian soldiers in the procession were in khaki, and the French in their blue-grey uniform. It is not the custom either in the French or Belgian armies, to reverse arms at funerals, as is done in the British forces.

THE PASSING OF THE LEADER AND THE LAIRD: HAIG OF BEMERSYDE.



THE BURIAL OF LORD HAIG: (1) MILITARY CEREMONIAL IN EDINBURGH—THE PROCESSION FORMED READY TO LEAVE ST. GILES'S; (2) THE HOMELINESS OF THE LAIRD'S LAST JOURNEY—THE COFFIN ON A FARM-CART LEAVING ST. BOSWELL'S; (3) LADY HAIG AND HER DAUGHTERS WITH SERGEANT SECRETT, LORD HAIG'S PERSONAL SERVANT FOR THIRTY YEARS; (4) THE CORTEGE PASSING THE SCOTT MONUMENT; (5) THE LAST RITES AT DRYBURGH ABBEY.

The greatest of the "Haigs of Bemersyde"—the twenty-ninth Laird—was buried among his own people in the Border country on Tuesday, February 7. While Lord Haig lay in state in St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, thousands of people filed past the coffin. On the morning of the 7th a service was held there for the relatives and friends and members of the British Legion, who provided a guard of honour. In the square outside the Cathedral were drawn up the Cameron Highlanders and the Royal Scots Greys. The flag-draped coffin was then conveyed in procession on a gun-carriage to Waverley Station, passing on the way the Scott

Memorial, and was taken by train to the little town of St. Boswell's. There the coffin was placed on a farm-cart for the last journey of five miles by road to Dryburgh Abbey, where is the family vault, open to the sky. All the countryside gathered along the route, and near the Abbey Lady Haig and her two daughters joined the procession. The burial service was conducted by the Rev. J. F. M'Creath, parish minister of Mertoun. After the coffin had been lowered into the grave came the familiar hymn, "Onward Christian Soldiers." Pipers played "The Flowers of the Forest," and the simple ceremony closed with the "Last Post" and the Reveille.

A GREAT LEADER'S LAST JOURNEY PAST THE SYMBOL OF NATIONAL SACRIFICE: LORD HAIG'S COFFIN AT THE CENOTAPH.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LORD HAIG IN WHITEHALL ON THE WAY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN CARRIED ON THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GUN-CARRIAGE, FOLLOWED BY THE ROYAL PRINCES (SALUTING THE CENOTAPH), WHILE MEN OF THE BRITISH LEGION, LINING THE ROUTE, DIPPED THEIR STANDARDS AS THE CORTÈGE PASSED.

London rendered a last tribute to Lord Haig on Friday, February 3, when the body of the great soldier was carried in procession from St. Columba's Church, where it had lain in state since his death, to Westminster Abbey, and, after the funeral ceremony there, was taken—again in procession—to Waterloo for entrenchment to Scotland. The above photograph shows the cortège passing down Whitehall, beside the Cenotaph, on its way to the Abbey, with the War Office seen in the distance in the right background. It was just past noon when the gun-carriage came through the Horse Guards Arch into Whitehall,

whose pavements were packed with people on both sides, the route being lined by members of the British Legion, some bearing standards of purple and gold. Four of these standard-bearers stood at the corners of the Cenotaph, and these (with others at the roadside) are seen, dipping their standards in salute. Immediately opposite the monument is the royal party (including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York), who are saluting as they pass. The Union Jack in which the coffin was draped was the one that belongs to the Cenotaph. The gun-carriage was that used for the burial of the Unknown Warrior.

PERSONAGES IN LORD HAIG'S FUNERAL: ROYALTY AND FAMOUS SOLDIERS.



WITH SERGEANT SECRETT (IN MUFTI, RIGHT), LORD HAIG'S SERVANT FOR THIRTY YEARS: HIS CHARGER, WITH BOOTS REVERSED IN THE STIRRUPS, LED BY TROOPERS OF THE 17TH/21ST LANCERS AND 7TH HUSSARS.



THE INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER OF THE TRIBUTE TO LORD HAIG: THE GROUP OF FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHÉS WALKING IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION FROM ST. COLUMBA'S CHURCH TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



INSIGNIA-BEARERS IN THE LONDON FUNERAL PROCESSION OF LORD HAIG: OFFICERS OF HIGH RANK CARRYING HIS DECORATIONS (SOME SHOWN IN THE INSET PHOTOGRAPH).



ROYALTY IN THE FUNERAL PROCESSION: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DUKE OF YORK (TOGETHER ON LEFT) REPRESENTING THE KING, AND PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (NEXT TO RIGHT, IN FRONT ROW).



PALL-BEARERS: (L. TO R.) FIELD-MARSHAL LORD METHUEN, ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL BEATTY, FIELD-MARSHAL SIR CLAUD JACOB, GENERALS SIR IAN HAMILTON, LORD HORNE, AND EARL CAVAN, AND MARSHAL PÉTAÏN.



PALL-BEARERS: (L. TO R.) BARON DE CEUNINCK (BELGIUM), GENERALS SIR H. GOUGH, SIR H. LAWRENCE, AND LORD BYNG, AIR MARSHAL SIR H. TRENCHARD, MARSHAL FOCH, AND ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET EARL JELlicoe

The King was represented in the funeral procession of Lord Haig by the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, while Prince Arthur of Connaught represented his father, the Duke of Connaught. Princess Beatrice was represented by Lieut.-Col. F. E. Packe, Princess Louise Duchess of Argyll by Col. W. McMahon, and Princesses Helena Victoria and Marie Louise by Brig.-Gen. Cecil Wray. Among the fourteen pall-bearers, whose names are given above, the French Army was represented by Marshal Foch and Marshal Pétain. Lieut.-Gen. Baron de Ceuninck

represented the King of the Belgians. Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson had been chosen as a pall-bearer, but on medical advice he was unable to attend. The insignia-bearers were Gen. Sir Noel Birch, Lieut.-Gen. Sir L. Kiggell, Maj.-Gen. Sir J. Davidson, Col. B. D. Fisher, Brig.-Gen. A. F. Home, Brig.-Gen. A. Blair, Col. Sir Clive Wigram, Lieut.-Col. A. Fletcher, and Major E. G. Thompson. Lord Haig's charger was led immediately behind the gun-carriage, accompanied by Sergeant Secrett, who had been Lord Haig's batman and personal servant for thirty years.

LONDON'S FAREWELL TO LORD HAIG: AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL PAGEANT.



THE FUNERAL PROCESSION CROSSING THE HORSE GUARDS PARADE ON ITS WAY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE COFFIN ON THE GUN-CARRIAGE, FLANKED ON EITHER SIDE BY THE PALL-BEARERS, MOVING THROUGH A LANE OF SPECTATORS, WITH THE GUARDS MEMORIAL IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND AND ST. JAMES'S PARK BEYOND.



ENTERING THE ABBEY: EIGHT BEARERS FROM THE ROYAL HORSE GUARDS CARRYING THE COFFIN, FOLLOWED BY THE PALL-BEARERS—WITH A GROUP OF GIRL GUIDES SALUTING.



THE ARRIVAL AT WATERLOO (FOR ENTRAINMENT TO SCOTLAND) AFTER THE ABBEY CEREMONY: THE GUN-CARRIAGE AND PALL-BEARERS ENTERING THE STATION TOWARDS THE DEPARTURE PLATFORM.



UNDER THE SHADOW OF BIG BEN: THE GUN-CARRIAGE AND PALL-BEARERS, FOLLOWED BY LORD HAIG'S CHARGER AND THE REST OF THE PROCESSION, PASSING THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT (IN BACKGROUND) ON THE APPROACH TO THE ABBEY.

Londoners gathered in thousands to pay a last tribute of honour to the great soldier to whom they owe so much. The funeral pageant, with all the military pomp accorded to a Field-Marshal, was in all its externals an impressive and magnificent spectacle, but still more moving were the spirit of mingled reverence and affection that inspired the multitude of onlookers, and the memories which the scene evoked in the minds of all present. The first procession passed from St. Columba's Church, in Pont Street, by way of the Horse Guards and Whitehall,

to Westminster Abbey. The guards of honour of the Services were posted at the entrance to the Sanctuary; and close to the West Door, where the gun-carriage drew up, was the civilian Guard of Honour composed of men of the British Legion. On arrival at the Abbey, eight tall bearers from the Royal Horse Guards lifted the coffin from the gun-carriage and carried it within. After the service the procession was re-formed, and the coffin was conveyed across Westminster Bridge to Waterloo Station, where it was entrained for the journey to Scotland.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



PROFESSOR H. A. LORENTZ.
(Born, July 18, 1853; died, February 4.) The great physicist to whose investigations Einstein's theory of relativity owes much. A Nobel Prizeman in 1902.



SIR DEMETRIUS METAXAS.
Died suddenly on February 1 in a motor-car, while being taken to a hospital. For thirteen years Greek Minister in London. First Greek Minister to Italy (1908).



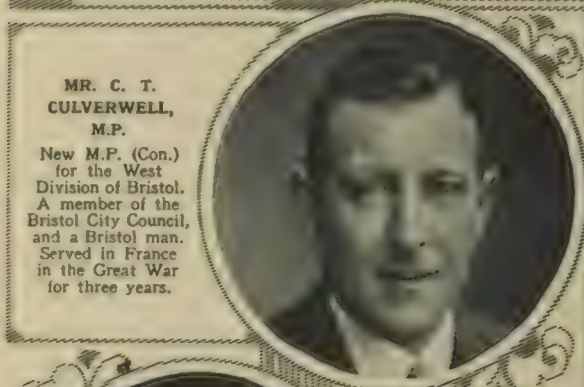
SIR HENRY OLIVER.
New Admiral of the Fleet, filling the vacancy caused by the death of Sir John de Robeck. In the Great War was Chief of the War Staff until Jutland.



PROFESSOR ARTHUR HUTCHINSON, F.R.S.
New Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge. Professor of Mineralogy and Fellow of Pembroke. Formerly held the Lectureship in Crystallography.



MR. A. H. HALL, C.B.E.
Superintendent of Production at the Royal Airship Works, Cardington. Appointed Chief Superintendent of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough.



MR. C. T. CULVERWELL, M.P.
New M.P. (Con.) for the West Division of Bristol. A member of the Bristol City Council, and a Bristol man. Served in France in the Great War for three years.



DR. JOHANNES FIBIGER, THE LAST DANISH RECIPIENT OF THE NOBEL PRIZE.

(Born about sixty years ago; died, January 30.) Professor at the University of Copenhagen. An investigator into cancer in rats and cockroaches who gave a new turn to research in connection with the disease.

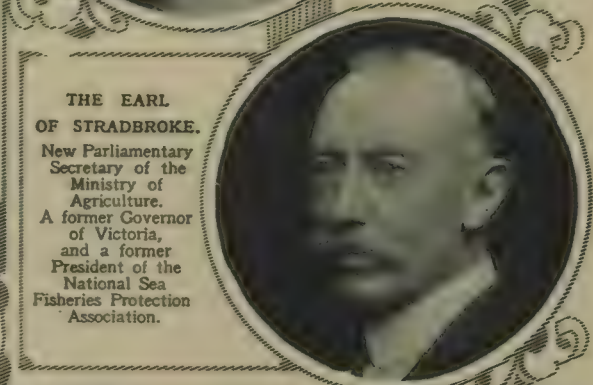


LADY (GOMER) BERRY.

Died on February 1 after a serious illness and a major operation. The wife of Sir Gomer Berry, Bt., Deputy Chairman of Allied Newspapers.



MR. R. G. VANSITTART, C.B., C.M.G.
New Principal Private Secretary to the Prime Minister. Vacates the position of head of the American Department of the Foreign Office. A former Private Secretary to Lord Curzon.



THE EARL OF STRADBROKE.
New Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture. A former Governor of Victoria, and a former President of the National Sea Fisheries Protection Association.



"SUFFRAGETTES" WHO WERE IMPRISONED, AT A REUNION DINNER OF "MILITANTS": (BACK ROW, FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) MISS DAISY SOLOMON, MISS NINA BOYLE, MRS. MATTERS-PORTER, MRS. BILLINGTON-GREIG; (FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT) MRS. MANSELL-MOULLIN, MRS. PETHICK-LAWRENCE, MRS. ELSA GYE (BEHIND), MISS SYLVIA PANKHURST, MRS. HOW MARTIN, MISS ANNA MUNRO, AND MRS. HICKS-BULL.



THE NEW WORLD'S SCULLING CHAMPION WELCOMED HOME BY WINNERS OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE: H. A. BARRY "CHAIR'D" AT WATERLOO.

Professor Hendrik Antoon Lorentz's researches in mathematical physics made him world-famous. His major investigations were concerned with the theory of electrons and the constitution of matter considered as an electro-dynamic problem. Einstein's theory of relativity owes much to him. He was appointed to the Chair of Mathematical Physics at Leyden when he was twenty-five. He shared his Nobel Prize with one of his pupils, Professor Pieter Zeeman, of Amsterdam. In later life, he became Director of Research in the Teyler Institute at Haarlem. After the war, Sir Henry Oliver served as Second Sea Lord; and between 1924 and 1927 he commanded the Atlantic Fleet.—Professor Hutchinson is a past president of the Mineralogical Society.—Mr. Hall takes over his new duties on

April 1.—Mr. Vansittart has had considerable diplomatic experience, and has served in Paris, Stockholm, Cairo, and Teheran. He published a book of verse in 1926.—Lady Berry, whose marriage took place in 1907, was very active in charitable works. She was only forty-six. Her husband, it will be recalled, was created a Baronet in the New Year Honours List.—On Sunday, February 5, some 130 of the original militant "Suffragettes" held a reunion dinner to celebrate ten years of Votes for Women. Many of them were imprisoned for their activities.—H. A. Barry, the new World's Sculling Champion, was welcomed home from Vancouver on February 4, when he was met at Waterloo Station by a number of Doggett's Coat and Badge winners wearing their picturesque uniform.

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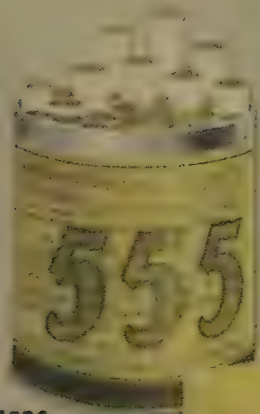


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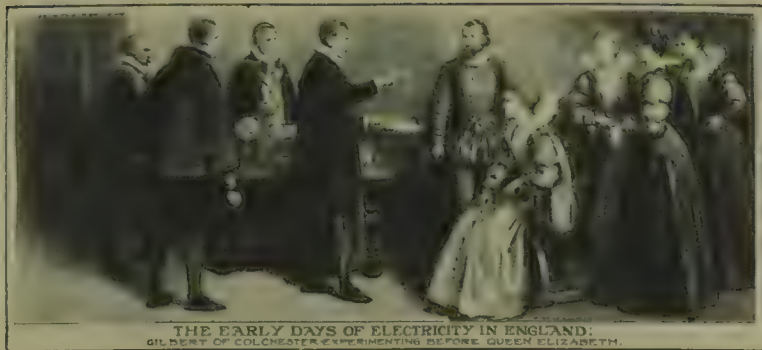


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VII.—ELECTRIC WASHING AND IRONING.

ONE of the standardised forms of British humour is associated with the subject of household washing. On the one hand, "Black Monday"—the day on which the humble housewife is bent over the wash-tub—shares with spring cleaning the honour of supplying material for that grim sort of fun by means of which we lighten the burdens of domestic discomfort. On the other hand, our humourists consider themselves licensed to attribute to laundries the utmost ingenuity in removing buttons, in tearing the stoutest fabrics, in supplying collars with acutely corrugated edges, and in causing familiar garments to disappear from the face of the earth.

Those of us who are more concerned with the facts of the case than with the picturesque exaggerations of joke-makers will agree that Black Monday is not always as black as it is painted, nor is the modern laundry nearly so diabolical as it is so often represented. Nevertheless, the business of washing garments of all sorts does present a serious problem to the housewife—a problem which involves formidable factors either of labour or of expense, or of both.

The difficulties of the problem are underlined by the variety of solutions which are attempted. In some cases, generally in the smallest and largest houses, all the laundry-work is done at home; in others some of the work is carried through in the house and the remainder sent to an outside laundry. The precise policy adopted depends partly on the habits of the people, partly on the facilities available, partly on labour conditions, and partly on finance. Broadly speaking, however, every household would welcome a definite simplification and improvement in the process of home washing; and it is in this light that the aid which electricity can afford deserves to be regarded.

The process of cleansing fabrics is partly chemical and partly mechanical. Dirt and grease are removed



ELECTRICITY IN THE DOMESTIC LAUNDRY: THE "THOR" ELECTRIC WASHER IN USE.

Photograph by Courtesy of the Hurley Machine Company.

by immersing the fabrics in water—cold, hot, or boiling—with soap and other detergents, and by rubbing or stirring the material vigorously so that the solvents may penetrate the tissues and thoroughly remove the impurities. Further mechanical action is involved in wringing the water out of the clothes and in mangling or ironing them. Under ordinary domestic conditions the mechanical side is accomplished by manual labour, which is of a fairly strenuous character. In the modern laundry, power-driven

machinery is used to do on the large scale what the muscles of the washer-woman do on the small scale. What electricity does is to offer the housewife the convenience of power which has hitherto

been reserved for the professional laundry.

Before enlarging on this point I may usefully say something about the "copper," which has provided an intensively fertile field for the punster. The traditional domestic copper is a formidable brick structure, occupying a good deal of room, and presenting no small problem in filling, lighting, and manipulating. There are now available, however, electric "coppers" or wash-boilers which are free from all the drawbacks of the built-in coppers using coal or other fuel. The electric wash-boiler is simply a vessel of the necessary capacity—usually about ten to fourteen gallons—placed on a tripod and fitted with electric heating elements which give low, medium, or full heat at the turn of a switch. All that the user has to do is fill the vessel and switch the current full on until the water boils; thereafter the current may be switched down to medium or low, according to conditions. The interior is designed so that the boiling water circulates freely through the clothes, thus obviating the necessity of frequent stirring of the "wash." No flue is needed, and no fitting beyond the electrical connection is involved. The boiler stands at the most convenient height, and takes up very little room. Moreover, as practically all the heat given out by the electrical elements is conveyed to the water, and as the apparatus is used only once or twice a week, its advantages are enjoyed without any material addition to the bills for electricity.

Turning now to the electric washing-machine proper, we shall see how the electric motor cuts out all the hard labour associated with "Black Monday." The process of rubbing clothes on a washing-board is not only a laborious but a brutal one; repeated week after week it is rapidly fatal to all but the stoutest fabrics. Before the advent of the electric motor many "washing-machines" were devised in which the business of rubbing was replaced by the hardly less strenuous turning of a drum in which the clothes were revolved with soapy water. In the electric washing-machine the human arm is replaced by a tiny electric motor which, at a trifling cost, does the work to perfection. If the electric washing-machine had done nothing more than ease the muscular strain of washing day, it would have yielded a welcome enough boon. But it goes much further. It aims at the most efficient method of washing. The object of all rotary washers is, as already indicated, to mix the cleansing solution thoroughly with the clothes; and the designers of electric washers have exhausted a great deal of ingenuity in constructing mechanism which will achieve the maximum of mixing with the minimum of wear on the fabrics.

In some cases the object is sought by operating "vacuum cups" up and down. In others the clothes are placed in a drum which is revolved through a certain angle and then reversed, so that the clothes, after being carried out of the water, are allowed to "flop" back into it. The expert salesmen who expound the merits of the various designs are most eloquent about the superiority of their especial product, but the bewildered buyer may take refuge in the thought that all those electric washing-machines which have stood the stress of competition achieve their object more or less efficiently. So far as actual use is concerned, the process is much the same in all cases. Hot water is first placed in the

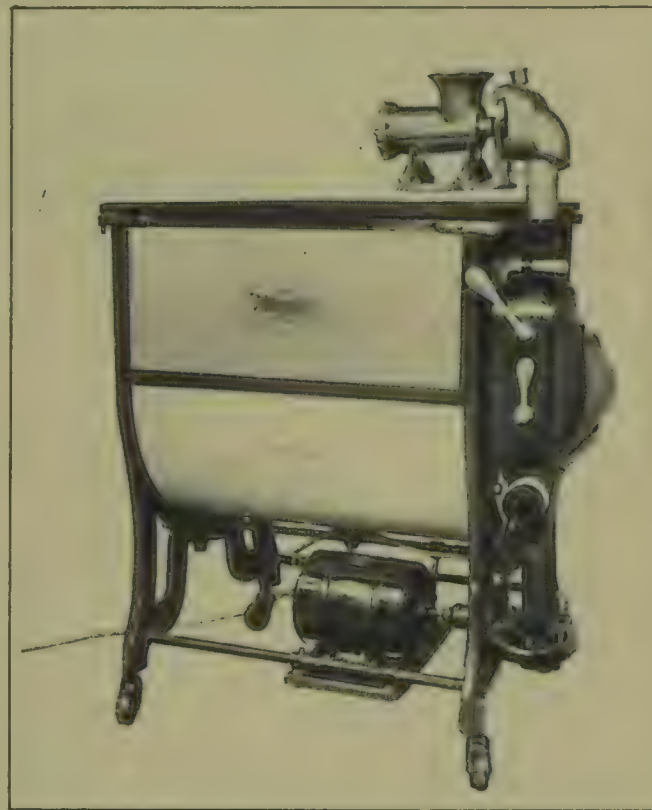
machine, together with soap or other detergent. The machine is then charged with its batch of clothes (which will have benefited from a previous soaking) closed down, and the current switched on. After the motor has worked the machine for a period of ten minutes or more, during which the user is free for other duties, the current is switched off and the cleansed clothing taken out to be wrung.

Most electric washers are fitted with a wringer which is operated by the same electric motor as

ELECTRICITY IN DAILY LIFE.

By "PROTONIUS."

drives the washing mechanism. The change from the washer to the wringer is made by simply moving a lever. There is no need to expatiate on the advantages of employing a power-driven wringer; not only is it obvious that labour is saved, but it is clear that time also is economised. With an appliance of this kind, Black Monday loses its terrors. Several batches of washing may be put through in the time previously needed for a single batch, and the absence of hard labour puts quite a new complexion on the whole affair. When we come to



AN ELECTRICAL "WIZARD-OF-ALL-WORK" FOR DOMESTIC PURPOSES: THE "MAGNET"—A MACHINE FOR WASHING AND WRINGING CLOTHES, MAKING SAUSAGES, MINCING MEAT AND VEGETABLES, CLEANING AND SHARPENING KNIVES, OR MAKING ICE-CREAM.

Photograph by Courtesy of the G.E.C.

ironing we may, if we choose, cut out the hard labour once more by means of electricity. The electric ironing-machine consists of heated rollers driven by an electric motor, and everything, both large and small, is efficiently ironed merely by passing it through the rollers.

Where there is a considerable amount of heavy ironing to be done, the cost of installing an electric ironing-machine is fully justified. (As in the case of the electric washing-machine itself, the running costs are so low as to be almost negligible.) In the ordinary small household, however, the ironing is usually done by means of the electric iron, which is itself a labour-saving appliance. As the electric heating element is inside the iron and yields pure heat, there are no fumes from the electric iron. Its surface is heavily nickel-plated and brightly polished so as to retain the heat; and the weight of the iron is so adjusted that it does its work with practically no additional pressure. Indeed, it is possible with an electric iron—and with no other kind of iron—to iron effectively while sitting at the ironing-table.

The benefits of washing electrically do not end with convenience, economy, and the saving of labour. They extend in many cases to better washing, and in all cases to better wear. This last point is of cardinal importance to the household budget. When a laundry deals with a large batch of clothes, it is obliged to treat it so that the dirtiest articles in the batch are thoroughly cleansed. This involves every article in most drastic processes bound to affect the fabric in course of time. When clothes are electrically washed at home, most of them can be handled lightly, the dirtiest articles being washed separately.

Another source of economy lies in the fact that clothes washed "out" are retained for the best part of a week, while electric washing and ironing at home will make them available again in a couple of days at the outside. One needs, therefore, a less numerous wardrobe, besides being able to make every item last longer. These and other economies should be set against the initial expense of the equipment itself. This is necessarily not of a light order, but the burden is eased in most cases by the convenience of the instalment plan of purchase.

THE MOST REMARKABLE WAR PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CHINA:



AFTER THREE DAYS' SHELLING: ANKUOCHUN (NORTHERN) INFANTRY ATTACKING AT A BREACH IN THE WALLS OF CHOCHOW.



AN EVER-RECURRING EPISODE IN THE THREE MONTHS' SIEGE THAT ENDED IN SURRENDER TO FAMINE: BRINGING ARTILLERY INTO ACTION UNDER FIRE.



UNDER FIRE FROM THE SHANSI GARRISON: ANKUOCHUN TROOPS IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE BESIEGED CHOCHOW.



AN ATTACK ON THE STURDY WALLS OF THE BESIEGED CITY: TROOPS OF THE NORTHERN FORCES MAKING AN ASSAULT ON CHOCHOW UNDER COVER OF HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE.



IN THE TRENCHES BEFORE CHOCHOW: A HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELL BURSTING IN THE NORTHERN ARMY'S LINES DURING THE BESIEGING OF THE STUBBORNLY HELD CITY.



DURING THE BOMBARDMENT: A SHELL BURSTING BETWEEN PAGODAS OF CHOCHOW.

THE GREAT SIEGE OF CHOCHOW AND THE SURRENDER.



A SIGN OF THE FIERCE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY BY 6-INCH GUNS: A SHELL-POCKED PAGODA.



GALLANT FIGHTERS: THE SHANSI GARRISON MARCHING OUT OF CHOCHOW AFTER THE SURRENDER TO THE BESIEGING ANKUOCHUN FORCES (THE NORTHERNERS).



THE SURRENDER OF THE SHANSI COMMANDER: GENERAL FU TSO-YI SALUTED BY THE ENEMY ON LEAVING THE CITY IT WAS NO LONGER POSSIBLE TO HOLD IN FACE OF FAMINE.



BEFORE THE SURRENDER: A "SAND-BAGGED" GATE OF THE CITY WHICH HELD OUT FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS.



AFTER THE SURRENDER: THE SHANSI GENERAL, FU TSO-YI (LEFT); GENERAL WAN FU-LIN.



"HUNDREDS, PROBABLY THOUSANDS, OF DUG-OUTS HAD BEEN CUT INTO THE INSIDE FACE OF THE CITY WALL": POSTS OF THE SHANSI TROOPS.

Those who have followed the chaotic war in China will remember that Chochoh, which is about fifty miles south of Peking and had been besieged for nearly three months, fell to the Ankuochun (Northern) forces on January 6, very unexpectedly. At two o'clock on the afternoon of that day, without any warning, General Fu Tso-yi and his Chief of Staff came out through the city's south-west gate; while the Shansi garrison lined the wall and stood at attention as their commander left. General Wan Fu-lin awaited the Shansi leader at Chochoh railway station. In order that he might convey General Fu to the "Young Marshal," at Pao-tung. The Shansi garrison of three brigades was left imprisoned within the walls of Chochoh. Later they were sent to Tungchow, and it was then understood that they would be reorganised for national defence. Even as far back as November, a correspondent of the "North China Standard" stated most emphatically that there was nothing to be sneered at in the battle of Chochoh, and that it most certainly could not be called a case of "a comic opera siege," "the harmless warfare of China," or "the non-fighting capacity of the Chinese soldier." Since then it has been made abundantly evident that the warfare was of exceptional ferocity, although the opinion is expressed that the solid city wall could have withstood the shells from the 6-in. guns—

the largest employed—for an indefinite period. Food scarcity may be taken as the determining factor. A Peking newspaper of January 18 said: "Between sixty and seventy per cent. of the houses in Chochoh have been almost completely destroyed by exploding shells and fires, as a result of the long siege. Of the 50,000 people who lived in the city before the siege, only between 10,000 and 12,000 are left there now. For three weeks before the end of the siege the inhabitants had nothing to eat but kaoliang husks. The day before the surrender, a delegation of old men and women went to the Shansi commander, Fu Tso-yi, and begged him to yield because even the husks were all gone. Hundreds, probably thousands, of dug-outs had been cut into the inside face of the city wall. These were occupied by the soldiers on guard, and they were connected by an elaborate telephone system which made it possible to rush defence forces to any point where an attack was threatened. Most of the civilians had constructed dug-outs of a sort under their houses." It is reported that about three hundred non-combatants were killed and over a thousand wounded. When charity delegates visited the city, says the "Times," "the soldiers were burning little paper fires for the souls of their dead comrades, and the civilian dead were being disinterred for regular burial."

Fashions & Fancies



A trio of smart spring hats photographed at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W. Above is a white felt banded with black Tagal straw and petersham ribbon; beige and black ospreys trim the smaller black felt, and on the right is a wine-coloured bangkok reinforced with satin and flat feathers.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELWIN NEAME.

Frocks from the Early Collections.

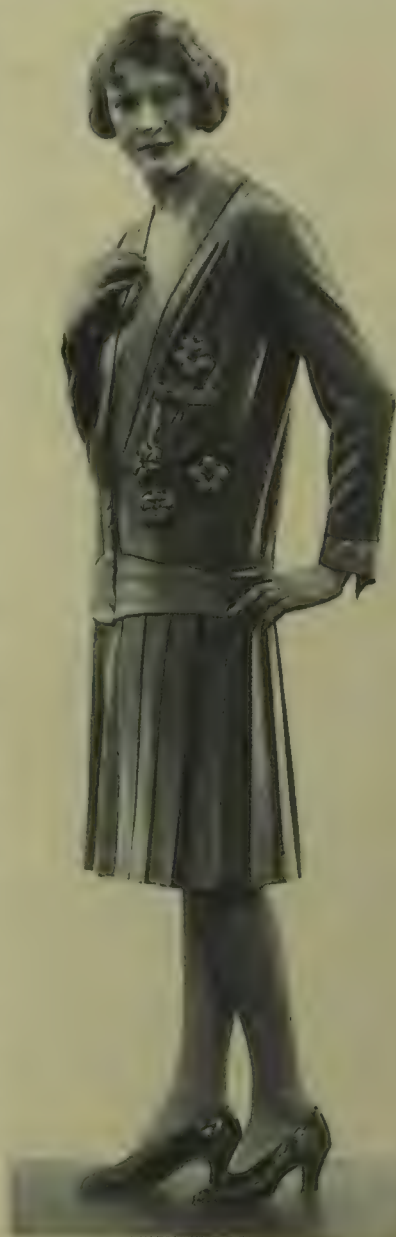
Paris is in the throes of dress parades. They occur at every moment of the day, and you may partake of 11 a.m. cocktails at one house, tea at two others, and hastily change

en grande tenue for the evening reception at a third. By the end of the day, your eyes are so dazed that the lines and colours seem to merge indescribably, and you can scarcely distinguish a sports suit from a picture frock. It is impossible, so early in the season, to crystallise the fashions and to say arbitrarily which will live and which just fade away. However, many of the most favoured models have already crossed the Channel, and give those chained to England some idea of the season's fancies. Jane has sent a lovely robe de style carried out in heavy black faille silk with occasional "star-fish" motifs in pearl and crystal. The corsage moulds itself tightly to the figure, finishing in a flat berthe of chiffon and silver lace, outlined with silver beads. In complete contrast to this bouffant silhouette, and yet exploiting admirably the long, uneven skirt, is a creation of Boulanger. It is made entirely of flesh-pink georgette, and the waistline, rather higher than is usual on a straight frock, is encircled with a band of massed silver squins and crystal beads. Boulanger shows tremendous versatility in design. Companioning this bead-embroidered dress is a simple affair, so perfectly planned that no decoration is needed other than a most original garland of petals running over each shoulder, the petals formed of wisps of the printed marquisette of which the frock is made. The frock itself has a full, gathered skirt which has occasional bands of black chiffon that show up well the soft blues and greys of the printed ivy-leaf pattern.

Two Versions of the Three-Piece.

The lovely frocks described above may all be seen in the Paris

model salon at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. There, too, are models for the daytime, also emissaries from famous French couturiers. There are two distinct versions of the three-piece ensemble. For morning in town and for sports purposes, the short cardigan coat is almost universal; but for the afternoon the long coat and frock in a lighter material is well in evidence. The two photographs on this page are typical of the modes. Bernard is responsible for the delightful sports ensemble on the left. It is in wool charmeline bordered with crêpe-de-Chine, and the sprays of flowers are of padded crêpe-de-Chine outlined with wool embroidery. There is a plain



The famous couturier Bernard is responsible for this charming three-piece outfit at Debenham and Freebody's, in wool charmeline bordered with crêpe-de-Chine. The silk flowers are padded and outlined with wool.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.

Vicissitudes of the Hat.

There is no doubt at all about the modes of the hat. They are so elastic that it is almost impossible to go really wrong, although there are certain deft touches which separate the chic from the ordinary. Riviera hats, of course, set the mode at the moment. They are unexpectedly gay this year, with touches of gold or silver glinting in the sunshine. Sometimes the straw is interwoven with a gilt tinsel thread, or perhaps leaves of veined gold tissue are laid flat against the crown. One hat even has the brim underlined with a transparent silver fabric. Flat ornaments in beautifully coloured enamel and steel also catch the eye of the sun, and large maple-leaves of diamanté are to be seen here and there. Feather pads appear as trimmings, so flat that they sometimes occur inserted in the brim. Three delightful Riviera models photographed at Woollands, Knightsbridge, S.W., appear on this page. The wide-brimmed white felt has a band of black woven Tagal straw round the crown, trimmed with black petersham ribbon, and a plait of felt completes the two-colour scheme. Just below is a dark-blue woven bangkok with almost a second brim of satin. Feather pads decorate the crown. There are new travelling felts, in smart shapes and colours, available from 2 guineas, in these salons.

Inexpensive Knitted Suits.

The popularity of stockinette jumpers shows no signs of diminishing this spring. Tiny tucks and pipings distinguish the new from the old. Some jumpers have tucks radiating from the centre like the flag of the rising sun, and others have a sort of monogram worked out in the same way. At Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W., there are many attractive models of this kind at very moderate prices. A jumper suit, effectively tucked and pleated, can be secured for 35s. 9d., and a three-piece outfit is 55s. 9d. Another attractive three-piece ensemble has a short cardigan coat with the front entirely tucked, a pleated skirt, and a plain "natural" coloured jumper. There are several new shades available, one of the smartest being a deep wine-red. Both jumper and coat, by the way, have long sleeves, a point well worth noting. Simple crêpe-de-Chine frocks can be secured for 49s. 9d., useful affairs for wearing under light spring coats.

A Spring Tonic for the Skin.

The next few months are notoriously difficult for the complexion to negotiate without feeling the unsettling effects of spring. Roughness and redness appear on the most perfect skin unless it is carefully tended. No expensive process is needed; a soothing emollient such as Beetham's La-Rola, which costs only 1s. 6d. a bottle, will prove quite adequate. A small quantity rubbed on each day, before facing the air, will keep the skin smooth and white, despite long exposure to the open air. The La-Rola toilet powder, 2s. 6d. a box, is also excellent for the skin, and is so finely ground that it will not clog the pores.

Try It in Your Bath.

A really invigorating tonic to the entire system can be obtained very cheaply by using a few drops of Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia in the bath. The wonderful cleansing properties of this well-known preparation are familiar to every housewife, but it is not always realised how splendid it is for softening the water for personal use. There is now, in addition to the large 1s. 4d. size, a new, smaller bottle, available for 10d., and it should be tried by everyone. All grocers, chemists, and stores have it in these two sizes.



Paris has approved of this two-piece ensemble carried out in blue and white crêpe-de-Chine and in darker crepella. It is to be seen at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME.



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A PACK OF "CARDS": NEW NOVELS.

BY JOHN OWEN.

THE Grand Babylon, or something like it, has been got to sea. There have been houses of cards; here is a ship. Mr. Arnold Bennett must have been in very high spirits when he wrote "The Strange Vanguard" (Cassell; 7s. 6d.). There is really no reason why a novelist of genius should not be in high spirits sometimes, despite a possible veto from the Moscow branch of the Intellectual International, to which, presumably, are still attached the spirits, at least, of Europe's greatest masters of the novel. The student of the art of Mr. Bennett knows that it is not his author's way to take some new complexity in the social organism and then to try to create within it a human interest, as Mr. Wells might do; nor does he set himself to imagine the spiritual implications of a set of circumstances of the greatest obscurity, as was Conrad's wont. Mr. Bennett manifests himself in one of two ways. Either he takes his ordinary fellow-men, exhibits them faced by ordinary situations, and then deals with them in the manner taught him by his brilliant perceptions—affectionately, cynically, inclusively: and we have the Bennett of "The Old Wives' Tale" and of "Riceyman Steps." By means of this method he actually survives the highest test, for he takes commonplace things and makes them uncommon.

But there is another Bennett who professes a lesser ambition. He takes large and noticeable commonplace things such as Hotels Colossal and millionaires and first-class travel and abnormally luxurious cars, and seems to say, "Now see what can I do with these." It is then that he appears before us in the character of a conjurer manipulating his "Cards." From Mr. Bennett in this character we can always be sure of an exhibition of supreme virtuosity. "The Strange Vanguard" belongs to the second quality of Bennett. It is a ship of "Cards." Mr. Bennett plays his cards admirably, and there is excellent chatter about Harriet.

The story tells us how one millionaire, Lord Furber, of the Five Towns, who still says "Get out" to express incredulity, resolves to kidnap another man of millions, Mr. Sutherland, who, born a seventh child, had been called "not Septimus, which is banal, but Septimius, which is rare and distinguished." When the mysteriously inspired staff of the Hotel Splendide, at Naples, refuses to serve dinner, Count Veruda (who wasn't a "real Count," merely "Count of the

Holy Roman Empire, or something like that") invites the entire company, of whom Sutherland is one, to dine in his yacht in the bay. Everybody accepts and goes aboard. But while Sutherland is showing the engine-room to one of his fellow-guests, Miss Harriet Perkins, the rest of the company is taken ashore, and immediately afterwards the yacht puts to sea. It is now that the Count turns out a no-Count, and Lord Furber is exhibited as the sole ingenious contriver of his rival's humiliation. But why Mr. Sutherland is thus carried away we are not to learn yet, even though Miss Perkins (on page 128) believes herself "on the very edge of the mystery of the strange proceedings of the Vanguard."

In the meantime, it is quickly revealed that the removal of Miss Perkins was no part of the design. She should have hurried from the yacht and gone ashore instead. But she didn't. And so she remains, to provide two of the richest men in Europe with a liability of a most disturbing sort. If the pace of the narrative lags a little in the middle, Mr. Bennett soon recovers his enthusiasm, and the rest of the book sweeps us on, in delight, to the end.

The battle between the two dealers in millions, when they meet in what might be called their penultimate round in Rome, is a piece of perfect, sparkling comedy, full of those qualities that Mr. Bennett never exhibits more successfully than when dealing with just such a situation as this. It would be highly improper to reveal to the eager reader precisely why one of those heavyweights of the financial ring wished to put the other to sleep. What remains for comment is the glittering quality of the humour, which bubbles up like a stream. "She was virginal, but not too virginal." "Mr. Sutherland saw this was a crisis. He could speak Sutherland-French, slowly, and he now did so." Lord Furber being knocked down by Mr. Sutherland, Mrs. Bumption, the immense wife of the steward, takes over. "She smoothed out her white apron over her measureless hips."

The characterisation is always animated, but the rich men provide the best fun. Harriet, who had known Lady Furber in the days when that lady was an elementary-school marm, with her dreams of a pension under the Burnham scale still undisturbed by thoughts either of a husband or a coronet—Harriet, who would know what to do in Leap Year—amuses everybody, and finally amuses a nice young man, who is also an "honourable" one, into falling in love with her. Mr. Bennett shows himself the major novelist when, in dealing with his minor characters,

he makes them all come alive. And these secondary souls possess a sufficient "rotundity" of their own—in the E. M. Forster sense. Altogether, we have good reason to be grateful to Mr. Bennett for his spring sail.

I suppose that there was a time when Lady Furber was a member of the Union of Women Teachers. The bold speculation occurs to me in view of the speech of Miss Tidswell, President of that Union, in which she challenged the modern habit of exalting book learning above house learning. The deliverance has, in reproduction in the Press, been given a dramatic twist, until we are left to believe that she was out to indict all of us who compose that mysterious institution, the reading public, for our attitude to women writers of the novel. What she did say was characterised by the most admirable good sense. The modern girl, that constantly evolving phenomenon, goes on changing her values. She believes that the new valuations reflect an advance along the road to fuller self-expression. She certainly ought to be careful: somebody younger and more domestic, with a distinctly Victorian profile, will presently overtake her. Her cigarette will not provide her with a smoke screen, nor will the fumes of her cocktails hide her, and her skirts were never there to conceal anything. But the newspaper which sets up the astonishing proposition that the purpose of the modern training of women is to give us novelists rather than housekeepers is making the usual error of finding disagreement in the association of two qualities that are not necessarily incompatible at all. The greatest woman novelist in our literature was probably the most domestic. Her name was Emily Brontë. I am reminded of a comment by way of parody for which I was once responsible—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever";
Thus counselled Mr. Kingsley, nothing loth;
Be good, sweet maid, by all means, but why ever
Can't you be both?

The woman who is in error, and at whom I imagine the criticism at Chester was directed, is not among that very small group who are capable of practising the highly sophisticated art of the modern novel, but the vast crowd of girls setting out in life who believe that any form of self-expression achieved outside the 'appy 'omestead is thereby nobler and more individual than anything that can be attained even within it. Whereas intellectual achievement, not less than charity, begins at home. As regards the woman novelist, we are promised some immediate entertainment.

(Continued on page 242.)

MONTE AS AN ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND RESORT.

THERE is much talk at the present moment as to the probability of Monte Carlo becoming a leading Summer Resort. It is even prophesied that, in the not too far distant future, its Summer Season will be as well filled with social doings and events as the Winter Season is now.

Whether this will ever happen remains to be seen. One thing, however, is certain: Monte's visitors during the summer months, increase in numbers each year. Fortunate indeed were those who were able to stay in the Principality during the appalling summer of 1927.

Of late years, the climate on the Riviera, has become a particularly pleasant one; no longer is it unbearably hot, as was once the case. The Authorities in power here are awakening to the tremendous possibilities of the "Gem of the Riviera" as an all-the-year-round resort, and they are making plans to render it a perfect place in which to spend one's summer vacation.

The principal thing at present lacking in Monte Carlo, as a hot-weather attraction, is a large sand beach. This is to be remedied in no half-hearted manner. A beautiful sand beach is to be supplied, that will stretch from the present Sea Bathing Establishment at

Larvotto, right up to the beautiful wood which is named "Le Bois de la Veille."

We have already described the wonderful new Country Club, which has been erected for the Tennis Players. Golfers are the next

to be considered. Much land has been acquired for the purpose of laying out a new Golf Course near La Turbie, easy of access through a new electric road railway, which is to be constructed in order that the players may travel more swiftly than at present, by the "crémaillère," which only runs about every half-hour.

Another new feature which will be a boon to those who love to take long walks by the sea-shore, will be the new Café Restaurant shortly to be built at the farther end of the beach, close by the late Sir William Ingram's mansion by the sea. Here people will be able to take *al-fresco* meals, quite near the water's edge. The really fine open-air concerts which are given on the Terraces during the sum-

mer months, must not be forgotten. That these are always appreciated is evident by the numbers who flock to hear them whenever they take place.



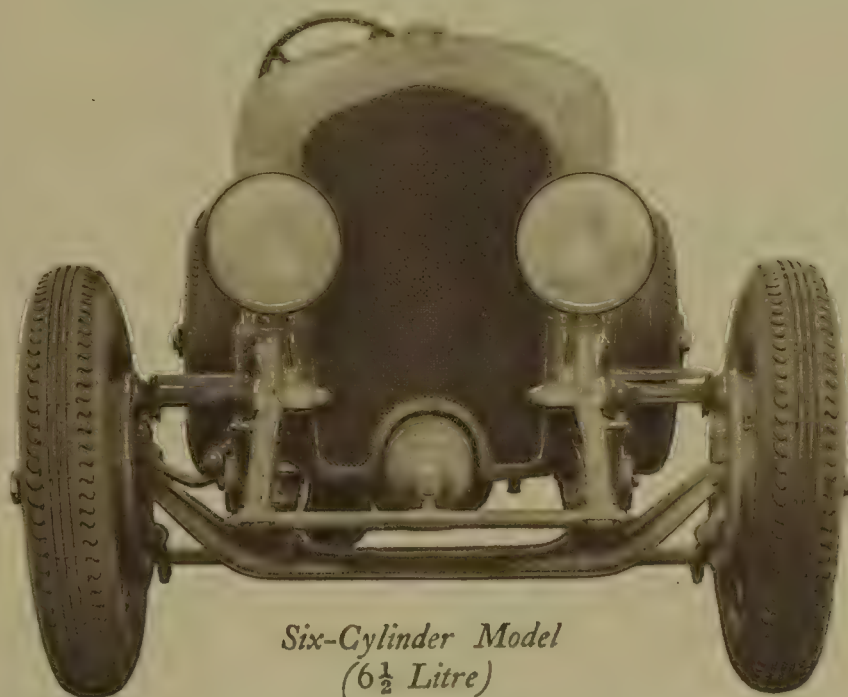
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN BODY.—THE NEW ALFA-ROMEO.

PROPHECY in motoring matters is always a dangerous business. He is wise who refrains from making definite forecasts about anything from tyre values to back axles. Yet, in spite of all the appalling weather under which we have suffered for the past two months, which have seemed like two years, I have a growing conviction that this year will see the beginning of a return of the popularity of the open car.

I do not mean, of course, the open car which has a sketchy weather protection, the sort of bodywork you generally find on a super-sports model: only a few of us are left hardy enough to endure high speeds in such conditions. I mean the type of car which is steadily increasing, I am glad to say; which can really be converted in a few minutes from a comfortable open car to an equally comfortable and efficient closed one. Quite extraordinary improvements have been made in all-weather equipment, especially during the last two years, and I think a large number of people are discovering that, unless you pay a great deal of money, there are quite as many draughts, if not more, in a saloon as in a really well-designed touring car with hood and side screens in position.

In my own experience I have found on several occasions that a quite moderate-priced modern two-seater with rigid celluloid windows in metal frames is actually more cosy than a coupé, and, price for price,

that you are less likely to catch cold in a well-designed four- or five-seater than in a saloon. Further, your all-weather touring car does not inflict saloon headaches on you or your passengers.

It will be a long time, of course, before the craze for saloons dies out, but I feel fairly sure that, as the new-comers to the game gain experience, its



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE ALFA-ROMEO 15-60 H.P. 14-LITRE SIX-CYLINDER CHASSIS WITH COUPÉ BODY.

popularity will wane. The English climate, in spite of the abuse it gets, is one which, at its best, gives you no weather for closed cars, and unless you have well-designed sunshine saloons—which are, if you come to think of it, nothing more or less than all-weather cars—you miss exactly half of the beautiful things that you can see as you drive about the roads. Even the

most exposed form of sports coachwork is being more intelligently designed to-day. You generally sit lower, and, even if the screen is a shallow one, it is more often than not brought so close to you that in the front seats you are fairly free from wind, and, at anything over thirty miles an hour, pretty well protected from rain. If you add, as I have done to my own car with the greatest possible benefit, a pair of glass side wings, you will successfully kill the sort of sneaking draught which tries to get down the back of your neck.

Excellent screens of all sorts can be had for the back seats of every type of open four-seater, and, with these up and good side curtains, you have the kind of car which I believe to be the most suitable for the average English country motorist. I think that the progress of the design of modern open cars is unusually well worth watching just now.

THE BABY ALFA-ROMEO.

I was recently asked to try an exceptionally interesting car in the shape of the 1½-litre six-cylinder Alfa-Romeo. Most Italian cars, or at any rate those of the better class, have made a decidedly enviable reputation for themselves on the score of what might be called sports performance in touring guise, and the new baby Alfa-Romeo seems to me likely to join the number. It is candidly one of the most remarkable really small cars I have ever driven.

Here are some of the details. The tiny six-cylinder, 115 tax engine, which has a bore and stroke of 62 by 82, giving a cubic capacity of 1487 c.c., has overhead valves operated by an overhead cam-shaft driven by gearing off a vertical shaft. It is a particularly pleasing piece of work, both in design and finish, and in these respects is typical of its country of origin. Cooling is by pump with a four-bladed fan driven by friction off the end of the cam-shaft. The crankshaft is carried in four bearings, and has a special type of vibration damper. The usual system of forced lubrication is employed. Ignition is by coil and battery.

The gear-box, which is centrally controlled, is of the four-speed type with a visible gate, the propeller-shaft being enclosed. The suspension is interesting in that the front springs are led through the front axle itself, the idea being to bring the chassis as near to the ground as possible. The usual "straight" four-wheel brake set—without servo mechanism—is fitted.

This Alfa-Romeo costs a good deal of money, the price for the normal standard short chassis being £495, the complete open touring car with London coachwork £695, and the Weymann saloon £725. But I think it is only fair to judge the car by the results it yields. It is very fast, very lively, and certainly puts up a performance at least equal to that of the average larger car sold at the same price. If you forget the size of the engine and think only of what you can do with the Alfa-Romeo, these prices no longer seem so high.

There were a number of things I specially noticed about the behaviour of this remarkable little machine, and one of them was the extraordinary rapidity with which (speedometer) sixty miles an hour could be reached. I do not know whether this was a real sixty miles an hour, but I am fairly certain that it was an approximate one.

The acceleration is something quite out of the way for a car of this size; and another rather unusual point is that its easy cruising speed is nearer fifty than forty.

The engine runs very quietly, but, oddly enough, it has a very slight noise period at about forty-two miles an hour. There is no vibration communicated to the steering-wheel or floor-boards, but there is a faint crisis, so to speak, in the general engine sound at that moment. Apart from this, the behaviour of the engine throughout its revolution range (which must reach four thousand a minute) is excellent.

Gear-changing is delightfully easy, and, considering that a multi-plate disc clutch is used, surprisingly so. The only fault I had to find with the car was at this point.

No reverse stop is fitted to the gate, and considerable care must be used at first not to make an involuntary crash. The car climbs in a very lively and inspiring fashion on third gear, and the engine comports itself in a way which reminds you much more of 25-h.p. than 14.

A very interesting addition to the new light six-cylinders. JOHN D'RIOLEAU.

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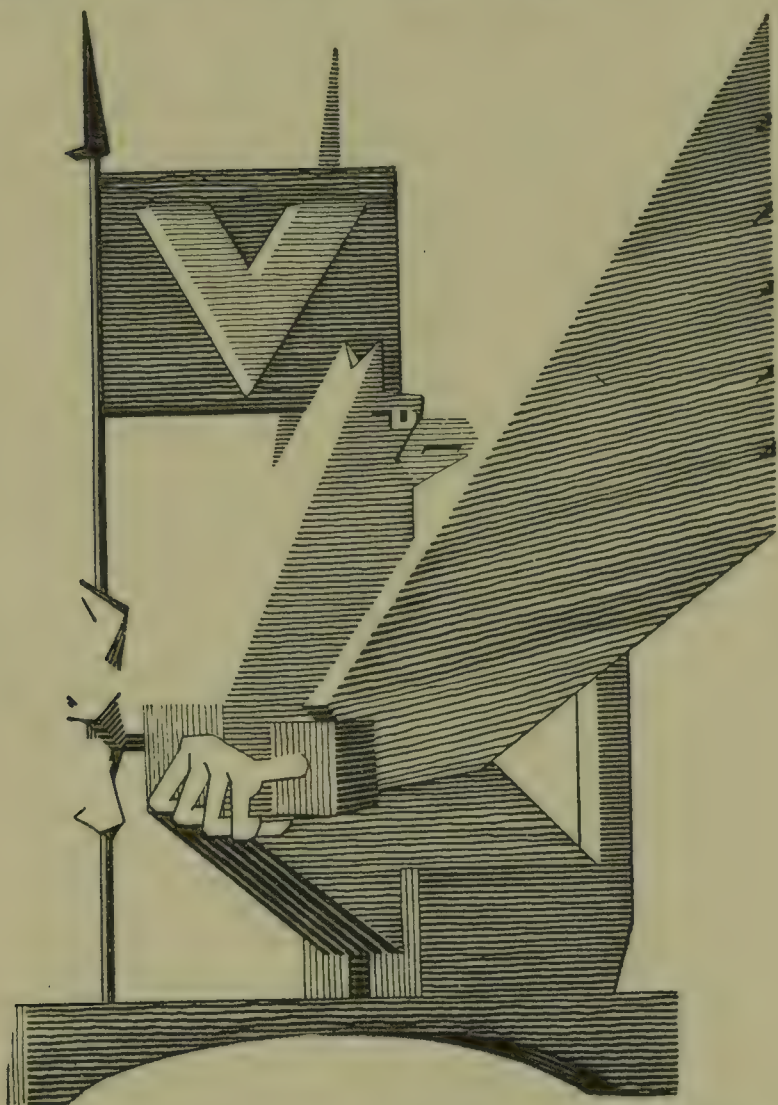
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A TRAVELLER'S BEST FRIEND — HIS BANKER.

AND THE ADVISABILITY OF COVERING THE RISKS OF TRAVEL BY INSURANCE.

By JOHN OWEN.

ANYBODY who studies the modern bank will at once be impressed by the fact that, if it is striving for success, it is also seeking success through the process of humanising itself. The old notion that a bank's services were limited to cashing our cheques,



LONDON'S LATEST "PALACE" OF FINANCE: THE NEW BUILDING OF LLOYD'S BANK IN CORNHILL—ONE OF THE GREAT INSTITUTIONS THAT AID THEIR CLIENTS WHEN TRAVELLING.

when it was not tenderly nursing our overdraft, has given way to a general recognition of the fact that the bank is there to help us in a considerable variety of ways, and that it can even be said to exist, like the soldier in the war, for "general service overseas." There was a time when all but the great travellers parted from their bank manager on leaving England and journeyed across Europe always desperately conscious of a wad—if a slowly diminishing one—of some foreign paper currency. Every morning there had to be the business of locking up the money in a bag that might even then be stolen during the day, because, if all the "paper" were carried on the person, it would be almost certain to be abstracted. The traveller to-day knows that he can spare himself such oppressive anxieties, and that he can do so merely by calling on his own bank manager and arranging with him either to open a credit with the corresponding bank abroad where he can use his own cheques, or by means of a letter of credit.

As the banks rightly claim, their methods are now so well understood that there is never any confusion. A man goes to Cairo or Mombasa: when he gets there, there is his bank ready to cash his cheques, and ready even to afford him that valuable general advice on matters of investment, and so on, which he got at home in the bank parlour. And he can travel further than Cairo and still be at no loss. In a case the other day, a traveller from England set out upon a long journey through the remoter parts of South Africa. He went armed with a letter of credit from his local bank. He returned to say that never once, however far away he seemed from the world of exchange, was he in a difficulty. His letter of credit carried him everywhere, and this because the British banking system is not only everywhere admired, but understood.

Assuming the traveller to have an account at home, that account need not be debited until he has begun to draw. For instance, he takes out a letter of credit for £500 and goes to China. His account need not be debited with that amount, and only when he draws his first £50 in Shanghai, and the cheque has trickled through the foreign banking clearing house, will his account at home be touched.

It may not be generally known to motorists that the "big five" now issue an inland letter of credit. The arrangement is reciprocal between the banks. Imagine the convenience. A motorist or other traveller sets out on a long excursion into Scotland or Cornwall. He has not taken all the money he needs. Having started, he realises his difficulty. He thinks nobody will know him in Aberdeen, where even to-day nothing is given away, and he is reduced to wiring home for money. But he need not do this if he provides himself with an inland letter of credit, a document which will be honoured by the first bank he enters, whether it is a branch of his own bank at home or not.

Again, the traveller can provide himself with the simpler form of circular notes or travellers' cheques. These are purchasable in this country, but on being filled up and signed become, to all intents and purposes, the currency of that part of the globe in which the traveller finds himself. They are as good as bank-notes, but have the advantage that they are infinitely safer. These cheques may be purchased by any traveller without question; a letter of credit, on the other hand, is only issued by the banks to known and reputable customers, who are thus provided with a valuable element of protection. They are credited with more than cash: they are credited with British commercial probity—the quality more admired than any other by business men abroad.

There is another service which a bank renders to the traveller, and that is in providing him with the currency of the country which he proposes to visit. Even if he has a letter of credit, he will need small change; but, if he is making a brief visit to France or Belgium or Germany he may be content with the current paper money. When ordering from his bank at home, he should be careful to ask that some of the smallest denominations be provided—unless he is prepared to offer the porter who carries his bag through the Customs a gratuity of a hundred francs. The bank can and will get him all the change he needs, even in the less easily obtained currencies, if he allows it a few days to do so. It may not be generally known that the bank will also arrange for the issue of necessary passports to its customers. All that need be done is to fill up a form which the bank provides. The Government fee will be deducted from the account.

Again, the man who goes abroad will find his bank useful in the matter of taking care of his valuables while he is away. The bank's responsibility may be limited to that of a gratuitous bailee only, but only English banks will take this responsibility without a fee. The French charge, and the Americans won't touch the business.

When we think of the banks performing these services to us as we go upon our journeys, as well as

keeping our accounts for us, advising us in the matter of our investments, performing the duties of both a trustee and of a reference, paying our subscriptions, and generally behaving to us like a sort of financial father, we may well say that the bank, as we know it to-day, is a friend who literally does us credit.

INSURING A PLEASANT HOLIDAY.

The intending traveller abroad, who has not done so, would do well to explore the possibilities of insuring himself against the many risks to which he will certainly be exposed as soon as he has crossed the Channel. Whether his journey is made for sport and pleasure or whether its object is a business one, the great insurance companies, no less than the important travel agencies doing insurance business, have services to offer him which he cannot refuse to consider.

These services, moreover, are not confined to covering the tourist against the ordinary risks of travel by rail or sea. To-day the man who goes abroad often does so with the intention of engaging in sport that has its real dangers. Perhaps he goes to Switzerland. The insurance company will not refuse to cover him against the risks of winter sports; he can ski or execute the most elaborate figures on the ice without fear of the effect on his bank-balance of a bad smash.

True, the company will be very much less willing to consider him if he asks to be covered against climbing-risks, and will want to know whether he means to go above the snow line. It frowns on Excelsiors, and on requests to issue policies covering climbers who use ropes and guides. But, while declining to cover exceptional risks at ordinary rates, it will not decline altogether to discuss such risks. In a proposal form of a very distinguished office appears the straight question: "Do you intend to engage in Mining, Big Game Hunting, Mountaineering above the snow line, or any hazardous sport or adventure?" If the answer is in the affirmative, then the arrangement made will necessarily be a special one. What it is important to remember is this—that the attitude of a good office is not one of indifference, and that, where it can possibly serve a proposing customer, it will do so.

(Continued overleaf.)



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CAPITAL PAID UP	- 15,810,252
RESERVE FUND	- 10,000,000
DEPOSITS, &c. (31st Dec., 1927)	358,662,544
ADVANCES, &c. do.	187,798,225

The Bank has over 1,750 Offices in England and Wales, and several in India and Burma. It also has Correspondents and Agents throughout the World, and is associated with the following Banks :

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Reserve Fund	£2,893,335
Uncalled Capital	£6,687,495
		£11,809,995

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BERTRAM LOWNDES, London Manager.

Continued.

When a traveller fills up a proposal form he will, of course, be expected not merely to indicate his "proposed journey," but he will be asked to "state countries and districts to be visited." He may also be invited to declare the "object for which the journey is being undertaken." The premium for a policy value £1000 at death or for the loss of two limbs or two eyes is at the rate of £1 for one month for a journey from the United Kingdom to Europe, the United States, or Canada; and at the rate of £1 10s. for the same period for other parts of the world. It is made clear that the policy does not cover injury caused by flying, big-game hunting, exploring, intoxication, mountain-climbing, racing of any kind, suicide or other manifestations of a disordered mind, or war. It is assumed that the traveller will have common sense enough to avoid centres of disease-infection and of political disturbance. There remain the real risks to which the least foolhardy or adventurous tourist is subject, and these may all be covered



A SOURCE OF FINANCIAL POWER READY TO BACK THE MODERN TRAVELLER:
THE NEW HEAD OFFICE OF THE MIDLAND BANK IN POULTRY—THE INTERIOR
OF THE PALATIAL BANKING HALL.

by policies obtainable in some or other good office in Great Britain. Apart, too, from the risks to life and limb, there is always the risk to property. Our baggage may be lost or damaged by storms at sea or railway accident; our wallet may be stolen; our goods may be damaged by the carelessness of railway servants, by sea water, or by other such causes. We can insure against risk to almost every form of property—though, in the case of articles of special value, these must appear separately in the schedule and be separately valued. The rate quoted for risks to baggage while used in "world-wide travel" is, for not exceeding two weeks, 10s. per cent.; three weeks, 12s. 6d.; four weeks, 15s.; up to £3 per cent. for a period not exceeding twelve months.

The traveller who, before setting out, insures himself against all risks that can be covered should then set forth with enough philosophy to endure even the Bay itself!

"TIN GODS," AT THE GARRICK.

MR. Edgar Middleton might have made a good deal more than he does out of the idea that is behind his new play, "Tin Gods." Adequately treated, it might have provided as fine a satirical comedy as "The Admirable Crichton." Here is the idea. Chinese pirates are supposed to capture a party from a liner. Crew and ship's officers are eliminated by the playwright, with the exception of the steward, and apart from him the party consists of an English colonial governor and his wife, an American business man and his wife, a missionary, a major with aristocratic connections, *et hoc genus omne*—mostly boastful snobs and humbugs—and also a drunkard who happens to be a peer. Till danger seriously threatens, these puppets dispute about their social rank; but as soon as the pirates' chief bids them select the most prominent of their number to die for the rest, competition



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TYPICAL OF THE INSTITUTIONS THAT SHOULD BE VISITED BEFORE A JOURNEY ABROAD: THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY LIFE OFFICE—THE NEW BUILDING IN LEADENHALL STREET.

for the honour is lacking. The characters are crudely daubed, and the satire is heavy-footed. Still, the author gives us some excitement, which would have been greater if we had not seen the Air Force receive the wireless S.O.S.; he supplies some humour, and in the girl who throws overboard the peer's flask, he offers the sentimental playgoer some sentiment. Miss Eva Moore is not given much of a part; but Mr. Robert Horton as the governor, Mr. Walter Sondes as the "drunk," and Mr. Frank Royde as the chief pirate, contrive to be thoroughly amusing.

MODERN METHODS

THE exigencies of modern business compel British commercial interests to maintain the closest touch with daily developments in foreign markets. Mails from South America bring information at least one month old when received in this country



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Joint Managing Directors:

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EDGAR W. WOOLLEY

Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1927

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital	12,665,798	
Reserve Fund	12,665,798	
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	376,122,881	
Acceptances & Confirmed Credits	20,160,494	
Engagements	16,837,100	

ASSETS		£
Coin, Gold Bullion, Notes & Balances with Bank of England	49,763,778	
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	18,641,269	
Money at Call & Short Notice	27,509,077	
Investments	35,435,530	
Bills Discounted	49,314,778	
Advances	206,487,910	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits & Engagements	36,997,594	
Bank Premises	7,635,646	
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,343,781	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,782,283	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,176,649	
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	363,776	

The Midland Bank and its Affiliations operate 2410 branches in Great Britain and Northern Ireland, and have agents and correspondents in all parts of the world.

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Paid-up Capital - - -	£9,479,416
Reserve Fund - - -	£9,479,416
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CHESS.

ALEKHIN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

Our readers may be interested to see a very early effort by the Russian master, in which the germ of his later style is clearly discernible. The score is taken from his book, "My Best Games of Chess" (G. Bell and Sons), a fascinating collection of 100 games, with most interesting and illuminating notes by the author.

WHITE (B. VERLINSKI)	BLACK (A. ALEKHIN)	WHITE (B. VERLINSKI)	BLACK (A. ALEKHIN)
1. PK4	PK4	18. PB5	KRQ1
2. KtKB3	KtQB3	19. KB2	
3. Bkt5	PQR3	19. Bkt4 would have avoided the elegant finish which now follows.	
4. BxKt	QPxB		
5. PQ4	PxP		
6. QxP	QxQ		
7. Kt x Q	PQB4		KtQ2
8. KtK2	BQ2	20. KtK3	Kt x P!
9. PQR3	BB5	21. KtQ4	
10. PxP	BR5	21. Kt x B, Kt x P double-check, and mates in five moves.	
11. PQR3	Castles		
12. KtQ2	BB7	21. Bkt6	
13. PB3	BB4	22. KK2	R x P
14. PQR4		23. Bkt2	
14. If KtQ4, 14. — R x Kt1			
14. KtB3			
15. BR3			
15. KtQ4 was slightly better.			
15. BK6!			
16. KtKB1	BR2		
17. PR5			
Not 17. PB5 BxRP			
17. RQ6			

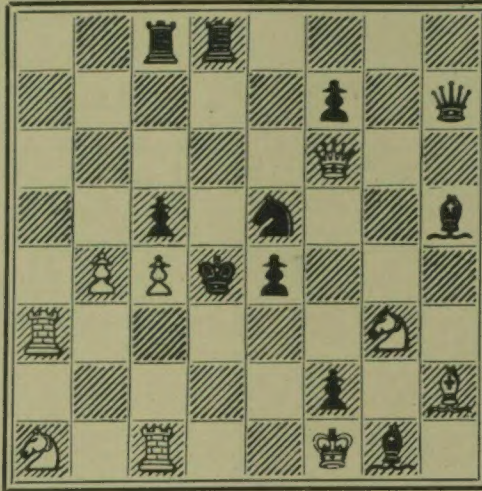
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EINAR WALLOE (Cornwall, Ontario).—Thank you for problem, but Q x R is much too strong a move for a key; and how do you proceed if Black plays, 1. BQKt7, protecting the Kt and threatening check? P J WOOD (Wakefield).—I am afraid your three-er is "cooked" by PQ5, followed by QB6 check.
T GLANVILLE (London).—In No. 4018, QKKt4 check is met by QB5 check!
ALFRED BERMAN (New York).—You have started the New Year badly. Send your problem on a diagram with the solution appended. As you set it, there is no mate in two.
E G B BARLOW and L W CAFFERATA.—Your solutions of the Christmas "Bonbons" were all correct, but reached me too late to acknowledge earlier.
J DAWSON.—In No. 4019, QQB2 is not a possible move.
ROBERT A SPURR (New Hampshire).—We will examine your problem and report.
JOHN HANNAN (Newburgh, N.Y.).—K x B will not solve No. 1 "Bonbon." Black has defences to every move except K x P, and careful examination of these will give you an insight into problem construction and help you to evade red marks!

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 4014 from R E Broughall Woods (Kasempa), and R B Cooke (Portland, Maine); of No. 4017 from R P Nicholson (Crayke), J W Smedley (Brooklyn), and Victor Holtan (Oshkosh); of No. 4018 from J C Kruse (London), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), and R A Spurr (Exeter, N.H.); of No. 4019 from R B N (Hardwicke), T C Evans (London), Antonio Ferreira (Porto), P J Wood (Wakefield), H Richards (Brighton), Rev. L D Hildyard (Rowley), T Glanville (London), J T Bridge (Colchester), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), R P Nicholson (Crayke), and L W Cafferata (Newark).

PROBLEM No. 4020.—By EDWARD BOSWELL.

(Composed for, and dedicated to, the late Mr. H. J. MENZIES.)
BLACK (11 pieces).



WHITE (9 pieces).

In Forsyth Notation: 2rr4, 5p1q, 5Q2, 2prkt2b, 1PPkp3, R5Ktr, 5p1B, Kt1R2Kb1.
White to play, and mate in two moves.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF CHRISTMAS "BONBONS" (all six) from E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), and L W Cafferata (Newark); of Nos. 2, 4, 5, and 6 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn); of 3, 4 and 5 from Victor Holtan (Oshkosh); and 4 and 5 from John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.).

THE SOUNDNESS OF MODERN MASTER-PLAY.

Chess analysts all over the world are busy on the Alekhin-Capablanca games, but up to the present remarkably few flaws have been discovered, and the missed chances are pretty evenly divided between the champion and the ex-champion. The meticulous accuracy which distinguishes modern chess from that of, say, fifty years ago is the cause of long matches with a large proportion of drawn games. Unless one player makes a mistake, or takes a risk, the other cannot go for a "kill," and we may search in vain nowadays for the long mating combinations and dramatic coups which Anderssen and Morphy delighted to contrive. The chess of to-day is sounder, more subtle, and more complex; and a second-rate player might go through the whole score of a master-game without seeing any of the delicate interplay of plot and counterplot which gives it depth and charm. The new champion shows signs of being able to weld the two styles, and already we have had from him games founded on a sound opening, developed in a complicated middle-game, and culminating in a spectacular finish.

A PACK OF CARDS.

(Continued from Page 234.)

Miss Sheila Kaye Smith has just given us her latest novel, and we are to have a new book from that always significant writer, Miss Rose Macaulay.

Perhaps because Lady Furber still "gives me a line on" education, I turn instinctively to Mr. John Benn's interesting reminiscence of his days at the University of Princeton—"Columbus Undergraduate" (Benn; 6s.). Not that it is a novel, but it contains an amusing criticism of the fiction that sets itself to represent college life in America. "In fiction and the 'movies' all college men naturally fall into two groups. Those who pass their days and nights 'Rah! Rah!'-ing and dancing; and those who never appear except with evening clothes and cane. The man who works his way through college simply doesn't figure. Taking care of a furnace, running a laundry, waiting at table, tutoring, writing for a City paper, working in a shop or office in vacation—all this may be lacking in romantic appeal." It ought not to be lacking! Where are the novelists of the picturesque? If Evan Harrington had gone to America he would have paid his fees by cutting out trousers; and his creator would have done his best for him even then.

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